

The SWAN

THE MAGAZINE OF UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

CONTENTS

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2. Head Master's Report | 31. Cross Country |
| 5. The Carol Service | 32. Basketball/Hockey (Boys) |
| 6. Speech Day | 33. Boys House Competition |
| 9. The Parents' Association | 34. Girls Hockey/House Competition |
| 10. Geography Field Trip | 35. Badminton |
| 12. The Reunion | 36. Girls Badminton Club |
| 14. The Multi-Cultural Evening | 37. Italy Trip |
| 15. The Bed Push | 40. Voyage on the Malcolm Miller |
| 16. An Inspector Calls | 41. The Hit Man |
| 17. Striking the Right Note | 42. The 3 Little Pigs |
| 18. The Biology Field Trip | 44. Television Debut |
| 20. Gray/Hampden House Reports | 45. The Egg - What's Inside? |
| 21. Herschel House Report | 47. There's a pot of gold . . . |
| 22. Milton House Report/Computer Quiz | 48. Paris in June |
| 23. R.N.I.B. Quiz/Youth Speaks | 50. Frogs |
| 24. Road Safety | 52. The Dare |
| 25. Crime Prevention | 54. This was how it all began |
| 26. Alternative Crime Prevention | 56. The Day of no Tomorrow |
| 27. At Your Service - Books! | 58. Radio Mean Machine |
| 28. Skiing '87 | 60. Dream Wolf |
| 29. The Ten Maradonas | 61. Haikus |
| 30. Soccer | 62. Lassie |
| | 63. Tomorrow |

COVER - FRONT: MARK MANLEY BACK: EDWARD WONG

ART WORK

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Raja Khurana | 17. Kirsty Hurrell | 46. Christina Lam |
| 4. Raja Khurana | 20.) Mandeep Takhar | 49. Susie Aggarwal |
| 5. G. Fallows | 22.) Tanqueer Ikram | 52. Thomas Morton |
| 6.) G. Fallows | 39. Mark Manley | 53. Christina Lam |
| 7.) Ashley Clouter | 40. Rupert Knight | 55. Susie Aggarwal |
| 12.) Juliet Fowler | 41. Wajid Hamid | 57. Shahjahan Alhassan |
| 13.) Edward Wong | 42.) Mark Manley | 59. Mandeep Takhar |
| 14. Edward Wong | 43.) Mark Manley | 62. Amy Tweddle |
| 16. G. Fallows | 45. Serena Joshi | 64. Kirsty Hurrell |

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

The School's 75th Anniversary year has been a very full and busy one, as you will see from the pages which follow. Unfortunately the conflict between the Teachers' Associations, the Employers, and the Government has continued and most people have felt very torn between the conflicting viewpoints. Without doubt the pupils at Upton have suffered very much less than most from the industrial action, and for that I am very thankful. It has been our concern to maintain the best possible education the circumstances would allow.

We commenced the Autumn term 1986 with 631 pupils which included 142 Sixth formers and 114 new 12+ entrants.

We were pleased to welcome the following new members of staff at the beginning of the School Year.

Mr. Baylis joined us to take charge of boys Physical Education. He previously taught at Wilson's School, Sutton and is a graduate of Loughborough University.

Mrs. G.M. Dibden, well known for her contributions to music in Berkshire and Buckinghamshire has taken charge of our Music.

Mrs. E. Hurst came to teach English and to take charge of the School Library. She was at the Piggott School, Wargrave, and is a graduate of Cambridge University.

Mr. C.C.B. Irvine became Head of Geography, having previously taught in Bermuda. Mr. Irvine is a graduate of London and Reading Universities.

Mr. N. Singham was appointed to our Physics Department from St. John's School, Billericay. He graduated at Madras University.

Mr. M.P. Williamson joined us to teach Physical Education and Geography. He qualified at Queen Mary College, London University.

Mr. K.H. Swales and Mrs. J.E. Wren have part-time appointments, teaching French and English respectively.

We were very sorry to say farewell at the end of the Autumn Term to Mr. J.A. Hughes, Master in Charge of Careers and a member of our Modern Languages Department. Mr. Hughes joined the staff of Slough Grammar School in 1966 and we wish him every success in his new career.

Mrs. M. Hughes has taken over responsibility for the Careers advice.

At the end of this term we are to lose Mrs. M. Taylor our Senior Laboratory Technician. Mrs. Taylor has given outstanding service and support to our Science Departments since she joined Slough Grammar School in April 1958. We wish her a happy retirement.

We are grateful to our two Modern Languages Assistants, Fraulein M-T. Lauter and Mademoiselle V.M.H. Troadec. We hope they have enjoyed their year with the School and we wish them well for the future.

Our Head Girl for the School Year has been Elizabeth Maunder, and the Head Boy, Mark Esam. They have maintained the excellent standards we have come to expect from our leading students and Prefects.

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

Last summer the 'A' level results were very pleasing with an Upper Sixth average of 2.5 passes per student. 51 of the year group of 90 have progressed to Degree Courses.

At 'O' level the results were slightly less impressive than the previous year, but that was as expected.

The new GCSE courses commenced in the 4th forms in September amidst uncertainty about the adequacy of staff training, resources and equipment. The overall curriculum for GCSE students demands new approaches and project work together with assessment, and in some subjects closer links with industry.

At the higher level, two Sixth formers have benefited from the Institute of Directors Work Shadowing Initiative. Elizabeth Maunder spent a week "shadowing" the Managing Director of Towry Law and Bernard Pierozek also had a week with the Marketing Manager of ICI Paints Division.

Our biennial Speech Day was held on Friday, 19th September when the guest speaker was Heinz Wolff, Professor of Bio-engineering at Brunel University. He gave a most refreshing and interesting talk, and the evening proved pleasantly successful. We are grateful to the Parents' Association who met all the expenses, including the prizes.

Extra curricular activities still occupy an important place in our School life. In spite of the industrial action which has affected education nationally, efforts have been made by colleagues to maintain the rich variety of activities. One cannot overestimate the value of these.

Our good range of sport has continued and at a high level, as can be seen in the Games Reports.

The spirit of competition however goes well beyond the games field. Teams and individuals have made their mark in computer competitions, Public Speaking, School-Industry activities and a variety of Quizzes.

At the time of writing the Computer Team has reached the last six for the National Final of the British Computer Society's Competition that takes place in London in July.

Our School Road Safety team won the Slough Schools trophy and went on to gain the Thames Valley "Byron" trophy.

The Community Service group must be congratulated on their fine work throughout the year justly recognised and supported by the National Westminster Bank's "Project Respond".

The School has adopted a second Third World child. The first was the ten year old girl Salimata who lives in Mali, West Africa and we are now helping a boy named Marlon, aged eleven, in Honduras, Central America.

The interest and participation in musical activities has grown quite remarkably with the arrival of Mrs. Dibden. How splendid was the concert on the 8th May!

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

The School Play this year was J.B. Priestley's "An Inspector Calls". It was well produced and much enjoyed.

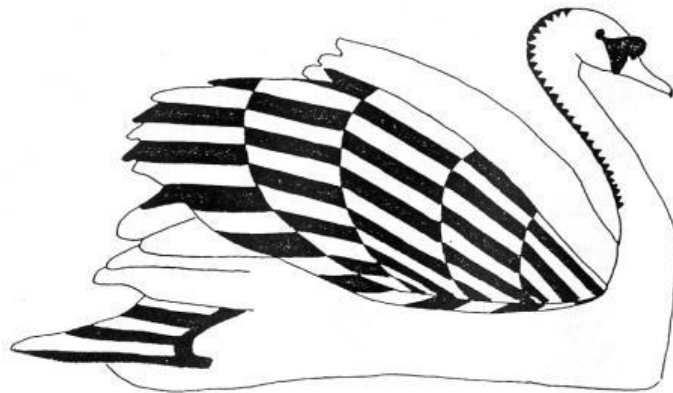
In this business of education we depend considerably upon the Home-School relationship and I am glad it has been possible to continue all our Parents Evenings, when parents can talk to members of staff. These evenings are always extremely well attended and of real value. The introduction of a School Diary for each pupil will I trust add further to the communication between home and School.

We are extremely grateful to the Parents' Association for the way they have supported the School. The Committee has done a sterling job, ably led by Mrs. Maunder. They have organised some enjoyable events including the Fete and the Multi-cultural Evening and have raised money for the School. The funds support our School activities enabling us to operate the minibuses and also this year they have provided a new VHS video recorder and a television, and a public address system as well as paying for Speech Day.

The Anniversary Reunion held at the School on 21st March was a wonderful and memorable occasion and will be described more fully elsewhere in The Swan. Included in the 700 or so Old Paludians, friends and past Staff who attended were two very spry gentlemen, who had been in the first 1912 intake.

Those 75 years we were celebrating have seen many changes. I wonder what the next 75 years will bring!

G.H. Painter.
Head Master.



A TENOR'S EYE VIEW OF THE CAROL SERVICE

Dear Reader,

I find myself in something of a predicament. In the past I have been able to write about the Carol Service as an admiring observer, but this year in a fit of absent-mindedness I joined the choir! So what can I say? - that the tenors were magnificent? - which they were - but then you will say that I am an interested party. So you see the problem. There is another problem too - when you sing in a choir you are all too conscious of the mistakes - fortunately I avoided most of the howling errors, which I perpetrated in rehearsals, when it came to the final rendition (yes I have swallowed a dictionary).

But, dear reader, I think I solved the problem! I asked reliable witnesses and so what follows is a fairly unbiased account.

What impressed people most this year were the numbers of children taking part (assisted by a number of staff) and the general enthusiasm of all concerned. The credit for this must go to Mrs. Dibden who has done wonders in her first term with us. There were two choirs and for one of the carols the senior choir divided in two and so it was quite a complex exercise and it is a measure of Mrs. Dibden's achievement that it all went so smoothly. As in past years we had a very pleasing variety of carols from different traditions. We had a number of soloists this year and they all performed with credit.

The service is a service of lessons and carols and we maintained the high quality of reading which we have come to expect. Our thanks to Mr. Cullingworth who conducted the service; to Mr. Stowell the organist; (and to Mr. Thompson who provided the piano accompaniment for rehearsals); to those who helped with the collection and to the Rector and people of St. Mary's for allowing us the use of the church and helping us with the practical arrangements such as the use of the speaker system and lighting; and to those who produced the service sheets.

Yours sincerely,

M.J. Thistlewood.



SPEECH DAY

Friday, 19th September 1986, was the date for the second Upton Grammar School, Speech Day. As on the first of these occasions, two years ago, the audience filled the hall.

Mr. C. Howard, Chairman of the Governors, welcomed the "special" guests, the pupils themselves and introduced us to some of the distinguished people on the platform - the Mayor of Slough, Mr. Cyril Gibbs, our guest speaker Professor Heinz Wolff, former Headmistress of Slough High, Miss Reakes and a former head of art at Slough Grammar Cavaliere di Girolamo, who had come to present a special prize. Mr. Howard reminded us of the absence of one special person, Dr. Long, who always attended school functions long after his retirement. The school hall was built during his Headmastership. We stood for a moment's silence, to acknowledge his passing.



In Mr. Painter's report, he referred to the troubled times in the teaching profession and said that the previous two years had not been as enjoyable as one might have hoped. However, four years after the merger, Upton has become an exceedingly popular co-educational grammar school - and he detailed all the many academic, social, sporting and charitable events that we have come to expect - and which have all been described in the pages of the magazine. Mr. Painter thanked both the staff and the Parents' Association, who contribute so much to the success and smooth running of the School.

Mr. Howard introduced us to Professor Wolff, before the Professor gave out the prizes. He is the Director of the Institute of Bio engineering at Brunel University, and of course we have enjoyed his television appearances when science has been brought into our homes. The Professor's interest in the future of our society and the development of a manned space programme was reflected in his address. He is a great advocate of science and technology for all and not only would he like parents to encourage an interest in science in their children at home, but he would like to see more girls taking up these subjects, because they could be particularly interested in the development of "Tools for Living" which will be needed by the large section of the population, who will be over sixty five. Pupils should be encouraged to study, be curious and ask questions, to know how the world works. The children at present in schools, in the future will be involved in the development of new technology and will have the opportunity to create a caring society. The Professor delivered a great message of hope for the future - he suggested that those involved in the arms race might use their skills instead to work together in the world, for space research and exploration. Such a field would attract the brightest and our School is one which is ideal to furnish such people and prepare them for the 21st century. He congratulated all the occupants of the hall.

There followed the presentation of a special prize for art, which was instituted by his parents, in memory of Tony Liszka, a former pupil of Slough Grammar 1957-1964, who died of a brain tumour in 1986. A former head of art,

at Slough Grammar, who is now at Amersham College, Cavaliere di Girolamo, presented this award to Kirsty Hurrell.

After a vote of thanks from the Head Boy, Mark Esam, the last item on the agenda was a short musical interlude, provided by Dorothea Hodge, Lois Foakes and Andrew Watts, accompanied by Mrs. G. Dibden. This was a fitting conclusion to the evening's events, which had been a great credit to all concerned.



SPECIAL PRIZES

<u>Headmaster's Prize</u>	Juliet Mountford	} 1984-85
	Simon Spence	
	Helen Bullock	} 1985-86
	Peter Drew	
<u>Public Service Prize</u>	Rizvana Ahmad	
<u>Dramatics</u>	Nisha Sharma	
	José Blanco	
<u>Cock House</u> (Old Paludian's Shield)	Milton House	1984-85
	Gray House	1985-86
<u>Janet Lang Memorial Prize</u> <u>for Modern Languages</u>	Carole Haswell	
<u>Sewell Cup for Needlework</u>	Sarah Phillips	
<u>Home Economics Cup</u>	Graham Lamkin	
<u>Mathematics/Science Cup</u>	Martin Delve	
	Matthew Benham	
<u>Geography Cup</u>	Jonathan Whitehead	
<u>Tony Liszka Memorial Prize</u> <u>for Art</u>	Kirsty Hurrell	



MERIT PRIZES 1984-5 AND 1985-6



FORM 2

Kavita Dhingra: Kay Fullick: Elizabeth Short:
Gargi Uppal: S.Betts: T.Parlour: M.Shafi:
Sally Hemmings: Clare Viney: R.Hamid: M.Stylianou:
S.Verma: Najma Farooq: Claire Mansfield:
Katrina Willis: A.Mehta: R.Muir: P.Pryce-Jones:
S.Reader: M.Takhar.

FORMS 2 & 3

*Nuzhet Alhassan: Dorothea Hodge: *A.Barker: *S.Chandan:
*J.Dhaliwal: *L.Hurrell: *P.Pavia: Caroline Parker:
Sarah Partington: Sangeeta Sharma: M.Hazarika:
*H.Nouruzi-Jahed: Emma Brown: *Jenny Oliver: *J.Ball:
K.Mahoney: *S.Sharma: *Sarah Nicholson: *Meenu Paul:
J.Bruce: *Jane Brown: Wendy Runacres: A.Coombs:
B.Hall: N.Kiani: C.Matharu: *S.Rowntree.

FORMS 3 & 4

Nicola Ward: *R.Howse: A.Kipping: M.Manley:
Fiona Cater: Miriam Frederickson: Anita Sharma:
Annabel Trebski: M.Jewell: M.Perret: Vanessa Caiafa:
Julie Barnett: Malti Dhatt: Joanne Pridmore:
Zarka Liaqat: G.Biring: D.Chhatwal: P.Johal:
S.Sharma: *A.Verma: R.Levin: A.Masood: K.Najjhur:
R.Srivastava: *J.Tandy: M.Turner.

FORMS 4 & 5

*J.Creak: A.Nabi: *Lucy Cowan: *W.Hamid:
Victoria Hartnell: *Monica Joglekar: Jane Osborne:
Parmjit Kang: B. Basra: Tania Caiafa: R.Knight:
K.Macfarlane: Baljinder Hothi.

FORMS 5 & L6

*Nataschia Caiafa: *Sohalla Kiani: *Elizabeth Maunder:
*A.Pridmore: *I.Bashir: P.Little: T.Spence:
Hazel Shepherd: Dawn Whittaker: M.Instone: A.Nabi:
Navdeep Duhra: J.Sahota: B.Aggarwal: J.Dixon:
R.Murphy: A.Baig.

FORMS U6 1985

C.Miskin: Carole Haswell: Juliet Mountford.

FORMS L6 & U6

D.Ratneshwar: Jaswinder Bains: Anna Hemmings: M.Lam:
Katherine Newton: Wendy Young: Annalisa Plough.

*Denotes merit in both 1984-85 and 1985-86

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

Once again the Parents' Association has had a busy year raising money for various projects to help the School. The first of these was the Autumn Fayre, where, together with the Draw tickets sold, we raised £1,200. We were very lucky at this event to have the marvellous support of 'Yellow Pages', who provided all the programmes, paid for our advertising and ran the Bar-b-que stall as well. We greatly appreciated their help.

Our second big event of the year was the Multi-cultural Evening, compered once again by the Rev. Thistlewood. This year all the items, bar one, were by people connected with the School and it was especially good to have the School Choir singing for us (and looking so smart). Our grateful thanks to Mrs. Dibden for her support. We would also like to thank all those who helped in any way to make the evening such a success. As well as an enjoyable evening, we made £200.

At the time of writing, the Spring Fayre has just taken place where we have raised a further £280. Considering the lack of support for this event we are very pleased with the amount but are sure that it could have been very much higher. Those who came were able to have a Ploughman's lunch, so maybe next year a few more people could come and lunch with us, if nothing more!

During the year the P.A. has completed the furnishing of the VIth Form common room and has provided an amplification system for the Main Hall. We have also completely fitted out a Lecture Theatre which we understand from Mrs. Whatling is proving extremely useful and is used by ALL pupils to great advantage.

Apart from these events the P.A. committee has provided refreshments for all the Parents' Evenings, the School Play and on 21st March we were able to help in the 75th birthday celebrations by providing teas.

Our next venture is to raise enough money to buy a new mini-bus. This project is going to need tremendous support and we do hope that everyone will back us up wholeheartedly. A collection was made for this cause from ex-pupils at the 75th birthday celebrations, which resulted in the marvellous total of £177. Many thanks to all who contributed.

We are having a Jumble Sale on 16th May and then the next big event will be the Autumn Fayre on October 3rd, where we look forward to seeing large numbers of pupils and parents, to turn it into the best Fayre we have ever had.

This year the committee has a new secretary (Barbara Turner) and a new treasurer (Bob Barker) both of whom have already proved their worth. However, sincere thanks are due to all members of the committee who have worked so hard this year and especially our three staff representatives, Mrs. McCormack, Mrs. Cater and the Rev. Thistlewood for their continued active support, always given so willingly.

PAM MAUNDER (Chairman)

THE GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP 1986

SATURDAY: We all arrived at Slough Train Station at eight o'clock in anticipation of a nice holiday (some hope!) After a mixture of tube, train, ferry and coach we finally reached the Lochranza Field Centre on the Island of Arran, about twenty miles off the west coast of Scotland, where we were to spend the next week. We were shown to our rooms - two dormitories for the boys and one small room for the two girls. Faces fell at the sight of the accommodation, but lifted as we were taken into the dining room. After an 'interesting' combination of shepherd's pie and baked beans (with a salad for Deven!), we were introduced to our tutors Joanna and Stuart, who were to attempt to teach us something about the Island. Not much sleep was had that night owing to certain people snoring, and the dilapidated condition of the beds.

SUNDAY: After struggling out of bed to eat breakfast at 7.30 am, we were told that we were going to tackle the North Arran walk - a mere eight miles long. We set off over the hills in wellies and waterproofs to examine the landscape at about every hundred metres (or so it felt!) Before long it began to pour with rain and we tramped through it for what seemed like hours until we stopped for lunch in an old ruined farmer's house. Perched on stones we gazed at the view or what would have been the view had the mist cleared. However after lunch it was clearer and we set off down (yes, down!) to the sea. We walked along the coast, stopping to look at the different types of rock, before we were free to make our own way back. This involved trudging through peat bog after peat bog for about half a mile. After tea it was into the classroom to plot endless graphs and tables recording our day's work.

MONDAY: Today we studied rivers. By the time the first exercise had been completed everyone was infested by midges and had soaking wet feet - the result of standing up to our knees in water. We examined a small weir where Stuart tipped some green dye into the river to demonstrate the speed of flow. Our next stop was at a large bend in the river where more experiments were performed followed by more walking uphill until we stopped for lunch (the midges ate most of it!) Yet more hiking uphill followed to our final stopping point where experiments were carried out rather hurriedly as members of the team were being eaten alive by the midges. Everyone hurried back to the centre hoping for some free time. No chance! Straight back to the classroom where number after number was typed into a computer. Surprise, surprise - our results were unique!

TUESDAY: The group was split into two halves. Half went with Jo to examine vegetation on a hill, while the other half stayed with Stuart to discuss soils. Dawn and Virdee, already feeling the strain, remained at base because of injuries. Deven soon had to join them after seeing the slope we were about to climb up. Both groups were back for lunch before swapping over and going out again. The soils study involved sticking bits of mud to paper and noting their colour while still battling against those midges! Back at the centre yet more charts were drawn before relaxing in the common room where there was a dart board, table tennis table and (most essential) a television.

WEDNESDAY: A coach took us along the road for about four miles before deserting us, to look at the effects of glaciation on the Island. We walked up a valley, crossing a river twice (not enjoyed by those without wellies)

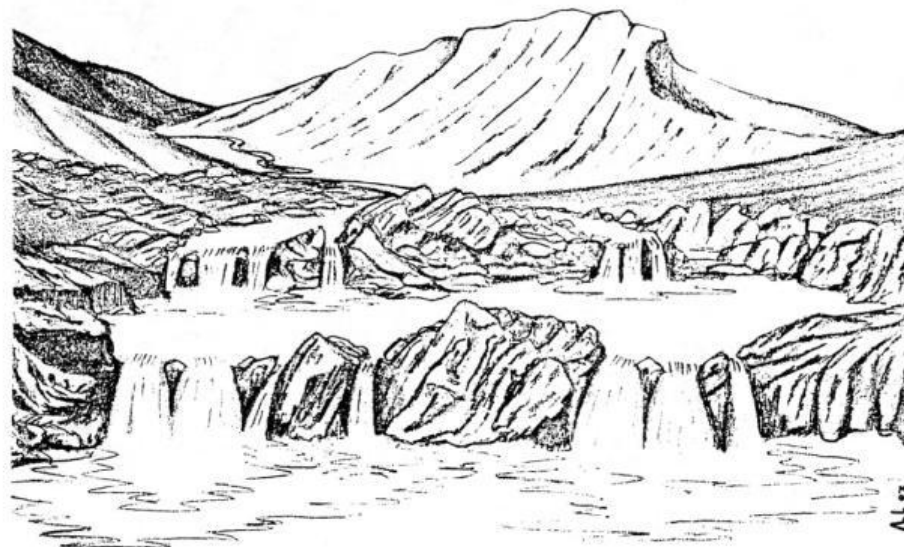
THE GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP (cont'd)

before the group split up. Dawn and Deven turned back while the rest disappeared into the distance. After walking a couple of miles back along the road, Dawn and Deven managed to hitch a lift and return to the centre in comfort. The rest walked on in the pouring rain and met up with the coach again after lunch. A good example of Arran weather was demonstrated today - rain, rain and yet more rain.

THURSDAY: Beach studies today. This meant we had to set off earlier than usual because the tides wait for no-one! The work involved measuring pebble sizes and gradients of the beach (whilst dodging the waves) and as usual our group was last. In the end we just wrote down a collection of numbers and ran to catch up with the others. Back in the classroom by some divine intervention our figures almost matched with everyone else's!

FRIDAY: The last day. We tried to conceal our expressions of relief whilst attempting to stuff everything back into suitcases. The coach left the centre at 7.30 am for the ferry which took us back to the mainland and civilisation. Altogether it was a memorable experience and to be recommended for other geography students. Many thanks go to Mrs. Hughes for putting up with us throughout the week.

Dawn Whittaker
Andrew Macintosh



A DATE FOR THE OLD PALS

75th ANNIVERSARY REUNION MARCH 21st, 1987

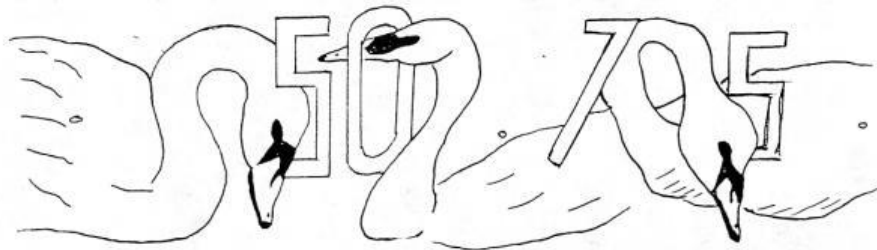
"You haven't changed a bit!"

"Lovely to see you."

" and they've got three children now."

"I know your face but I can't remember your name."

"So what are you doing these days?"



The hall was chaos - long lines of tables and chairs with every tiny space crammed to bursting with men and women talking nineteen to the dozen - or more. Old boys and girls by the hundred turned up for the 75th reunion of the formation of Slough Secondary School - and many of them certainly were old boys and girls. About a dozen people at the School in the 1910s were there, including a Mr. Arthur Lucas who was one of the original intake in 1912 and so must now be in his late 80's.

He became the proud possessor of one of the four beautiful cakes made and decorated with School crests by Lorraine Bevan. The cakes were a graphic illustration (or even an edible one!) of the history of Upton Grammar School. Mr. Lucas took away the Slough Secondary School cake, those there ate the Slough High and Slough Grammar cakes and the one for Upton was donated to the School. Did you have a piece?

Ex-pupils were not the only people at the reunion - ex-teachers and heads were also there. John Collin - referred to as a "typical Mr. Chips" by Mr. Painter - taught from 1930 - 1967 first at Slough Secondary School and then at Slough Grammar. Miss Reakes was there to represent Slough High School and still, by her own admission, "with a voice that could be heard over two or three hockey pitches."

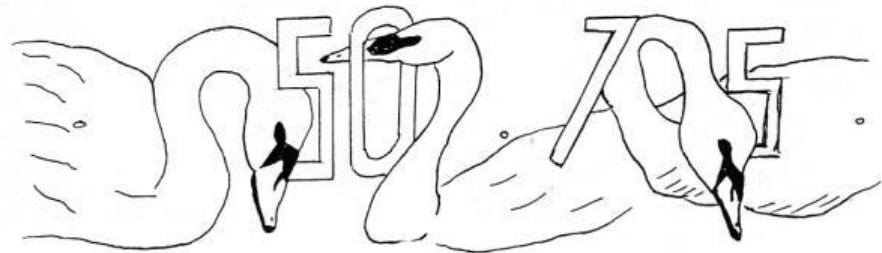
75th ANNIVERSARY REUNION (cont'd)

And Mr. Painter, of course, continued the links from Slough Grammar to Upton Grammar. Mr. Painter had the problem of attracting the attention of several hundred people all busy talking and/or eating the delicious buffet, beautifully prepared for three hundred and fifty people by Fiona Senior and a team of only three others. Persistent hammering on the table with Miss Reakes' shoe eventually restored quiet for brief speeches from Mr. Painter and Miss Reakes.

Some ten thousand people have attended one of the four Schools since 1912 and it certainly seemed like it on that Saturday. The display of old photos and school memorabilia created a lot of interest (not to mention a severe traffic jam in the corridor). Uniforms and hairstyles gave rise to a lot of hilarity and comment - with Mr. Painter remarking on "how gymslips really were uniform and didn't do much for the girls which was probably the intention!" There was an affectionate cheer for the Old Boy who produced and wore his old school cap, and a surprising number of people produced school exercise books, bits of uniform, prefect's badges and the like.

It was a very successful and enjoyable day and all those who went are grateful to the organising committee for making it all possible, especially Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Bowater and Mr. Dutton.

Barbara Dixon.



THE THIRD MULTI CULTURAL EVENING

As I think I said before - I was really looking forward to this event - held on Saturday 7th February - and I was not disappointed by the variety of entertainment.

The hall was really packed with guests, among whom was the Deputy Mayor of Slough, Councillor Bob Prosser. The evening got off to a stirring start with a Rock group, made up of present and past sixth formers, Mark, James, Greg, Giles and Tim. The noise level was incredible and although the new sound system developed the gremlins at other points during the evening, for this act it worked perfectly.

What followed next was a most unusual display by members of 3 Milton - of radio-controlled cars, which were encouraged to perform death defying leaps, with human limbs at risk!

This was real Evel Knievel stuff.

We were pleased to be enthralled again by a Kung Fu group, both in the first and second half - the first half act was cleverly choreographed with a surprise twist at the end.

This year it was a real pleasure to have some members of the School choir, under the baton of Mrs. Dibden, who also took the opportunity to play a duet at the piano with Leigh Mason.

Some other very interesting acts were a comedy sketch from Edwina, Ruppel and Kirsty, fourth form girls - and a thoroughly modern Amita Sharma danced, as did Baljinder, whose classical Indian performance was as beautiful as ever.

We were especially privileged to see Fiona Cater performing "Soliloquy", choreographed by Susan Cooper for Fiona to perform at the Prix de Lausanne Ballet Competition, in which Fiona reached the last thirty dancers, from all over the world.

There was Jewish music and English country dancing - and two groups of Indian dancers. They performed two Bhangras for us, which are folk dances - in the first half our own sixth form girls were lively and colourful and in the second half a group of boys from Windsor College performed what to me seemed not unlike some of the English morris dancing (without the bells).

A great deal of work was put into this evening by the Parents' Association and all the performers.

Many thanks.

M.A.D.



THE OLD PEOPLE'S BEDPUSH!

It was a sunny November morning when the mad Doctor prescribed a little occupational therapy for the Sixth Form students at Upton Grammar School, to raise money for the patients at Upton Hospital as well as for Upton Grammar's Annual Old People's Party. Duly furnished with a bed, courtesy of the hospital, and all attired suitably, our intrepid heroes set off to push the bed, and each other, around Slough.

As expected, this sight produced a pleasing assortment of surprised faces and open purses, the contents of which were amassed in unsuitable medical receptacles.

Shoppers, shopkeepers, policemen, even drivers in traffic jams were not safe from the army of pyjamas and teddy bears, and all were persuaded to contribute (needle please nurse!).

The ensuing chaos resulted in over £200 being collected in the streets alone, and the total with sponsorships came to over £500.

The novel idea of a group of crazy Sixth Formers, in appropriate dress, pushing a bed around Slough, partly to raise money for the decorations and presents for our annual Old People's Christmas party, certainly amused the old people when they were told about it. The whole afternoon was its usual success (despite one gentleman, who, wandering around the school, insisted - by swearing that he knew where he was going, and ended up in the Staff Room - refusing to move!). The party received more support from the Sixth Form than usual, partly owing to the enthusiasm created by the Bed Push, but also because it was an afternoon excused from lessons!

Morning preparations for the party were as hectic as ever. There was a constant barrage of lower school children carrying delights of food, brought from home. With eyes agog and mouths watering, strong willpower and constant reminders that the food wasn't for us, we managed to keep from devouring the food while we were preparing it!

Once the canteen had been cleared after lunch, a group of us descended upon it to decorate and generally prepare it. Meanwhile the Old People had arrived from the local residential homes and were enjoying a varied performance, with the choir singing, instrumentalists playing, and the favourite pastime of carol-singing.

Once the entertainment had finished it was tea-time! Since I was in charge of back-stage preparations with Seema, we had constantly to make pots of tea whilst trying to heat up more sausage rolls! There was a constant flow of people carrying more food and tea around to the tables and generally talking to the ladies and gentlemen, helping them if necessary to open their presents. At the appropriate time Greg and James unleashed their expertise on the Bingo - with the aid of a table of ladies, who informed them of all the correct calls.

The party's usual success, left the ladies and gentlemen full and contented and left us with the seemingly endless clearing up. Here we discovered the people who genuinely enjoyed washing up - or maybe they were in the wrong place at the wrong time! However, I can't depart without mentioning Mr. Nelson's skill with the dish mop!

Until next year folks . . . !

JAMES DIXON 62HE LUCY COWAN 61HA

J.B. PRIESTLEY'S AN INSPECTOR CALLS

Only those, who have been involved in a school production, can ever really understand the agonising of the director, long before even rehearsals start, let alone during the intensely draining period of performance, over the first major problem - what to do? The audience, on the 4th and 5th December 1986, should therefore have been delighted by the choice of Priestley and surprised by this play - Priestley, untrendy, unfashionable, who yet wrote good sound plays, and 'An Inspector Calls', set in 1912, first performed in 1946, with its startling relevance to our own time in the speeches of Arthur Birling and Inspector Goole. The strong message that, in times of distress, we should be and are part of one another ought to be heartening to a modern audience. Priestley can still speak to us.

For such a play, the director had chosen an unfussy straight-forward production, allowing the play to speak for itself. A few well-chosen and well-executed lighting effects, straightforward set, costumes and make-up allowed the audience to concentrate on the words. And here perhaps is the one quibble from an audience - there was little action, the words were all. Priestley believed in good strong dialogue.

The reliable and enthusiastic cast took up this challenge well. Philip Little gave a forceful yet subtle performance as the father, intelligent and authoritative, while Lizzie Seetharaman as the mother grew well from a brooding presence in Act 1 to the chilling character of Act 2. The younger people had their softer sides - Mark Bernardi as the fiance gave a sound likeable performance, Victoria Hartnell as the daughter developed her character well from a seemingly shallow rich girl to a concerned and often angry young adult, and Mark Avery, as the son, with a difficult role, produced a very well characterised performance. Theresa Kirkham as the maid worked with confidence, and Graham Lamkin, after his effete 'Young Thing' of last year's production showed us his range as an actor, with his impressive portrayal of the Inspector - a well-judged performance, that increased in authority to a particularly finely-delivered final speech. His suggestion of calm menace, reinforced by a confident use of pauses, contrasted well with the gradual disintegration of the family.

The most important point to make however, is how well the cast worked with each other, supporting and playing off each other. They knew and believed in the play, showed good concentration, stage presence and a high degree of commitment and were prepared to 'give' the play to the audience. The production was well paced, and special mention must be made of the excellent handling of the build-up to the climax at the end of Act 2. It is with qualities like these that a group of committed amateurs can bring freshness and dynamism to a play, that can often outshine the routine slickness of a long-running professional production.

F.E.D.

STRIKING THE RIGHT NOTE!

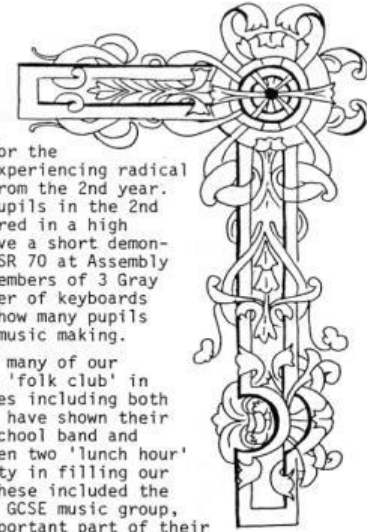
This School Year has seen some exciting developments musically. First of all the purchasing of classroom instruments needed for the new GCSE music syllabus, as our subject is experiencing radical changes for which preparation must be made from the 2nd year. These instruments have been enjoyed by all pupils in the 2nd and 3rd years and, in some cases, been explored in a high standard of performance. James Evans 62 gave a short demonstration of the capabilities of the Yamaha PSR 70 at Assembly one morning, while on another occasion ten members of 3 Gray took the stage for a performance with a number of keyboards and tuned and non-tuned percussion, showing how many pupils can derive pleasure from this kind of group music making.

Assembly has provided a 'platform' for many of our musicians. The 2nd year pupils initiated a 'folk club' in the School and have given regular performances including both sacred and secular songs. Several soloists have shown their skills instrumentally and vocally, and the School band and choir have made appearances. There have been two 'lunch hour' concerts for which we have found no difficulty in filling our programme or finding an audience. One of these included the performance of a composition by the 4th year GCSE music group, as composition and performance are now an important part of their syllabus.

The highlight of the year was the music concert in May where over a hundred pupils took part and a capacity audience showed their support and encouragement for the musicians in a sensitive and enthusiastic response. The programme included the debut of the School's Barber Shop Group, the 2nd year Folk Club, 3rd year boys' choir and the School Band. The climax of the evening was a performance of the Choral Dances from the Bavarian Highlands, by Elgar, for choir and orchestra. Parents and friends as well as several members of staff assisted with this item - I am grateful especially to Mrs. Bowater, Mrs. Cater, Mrs. Hurst and Mr. Thistlewood for their practical support in making music with the pupils and particularly to Mr. Thompson for his regular accompaniment of our rehearsals, and the peripatetic instrumental staff who visit the School to give instrumental tuition. This term we say goodbye to a very able set of musicians in 62 who have really worked and shared their musical talents with the younger members of the School - thank you to them, for their contribution.

G.D.

Footnote - Mrs. Dibden modestly does not indicate just how much reaction there was to the concert. In the words of Mr. Howard the event was something "the like of which has not been seen in this School before!!"



THE DALE DIARY 1987

Dear Ma, Pop and Little Bruv,

Wednesday 11th March.

We arrived at about 6.0 pm at the Fort to be confronted by a veggy meal!

After a hard day's travelling we unpacked, Pridmore blew up his inflatable pillow and then we started to get familiar with the surroundings. The 'famous four' Dixon, Little, Pridmore and Elliott went to the town to get acquainted with the locals and on return played 'Scrabble', producing words like ABONEON. Eventually we all went to bed, only to be kept awake by mysterious striped creatures knocking on the windows, next door's heavy gambling session and Saj and Arun's 'dirty old men invasion'. We got to sleep about 1.0 am on Thursday morning.

Thursday 12th March.

Work today was 'looking' and, although this may not sound very hard, how wrong could we be?! We started by identifying the species on the shore and then had to write it all up. It took until about 1.0 am on Friday morning!

Friday 13th March.

We walked about one and a half miles to a very rocky shore. During the trek we passed some cliffs from which Bec decided to dive into some shrubs and bushes. Going down to the beach yours truly slipped on some mud. The procession behind decided how extremely amusing that was and slowed down, then Bec fell over as well which rounded things off nicely! Climbing up and down the rocks the Vietnam veterans, Steve, Ups and Sly told us how they escaped from the Vietcong in a similar fashion. Greg decided to measure the shore, up the prescribed zone, only to get soaked by the incoming spring tides - bet you wish you'd worn your waterproofs!

In spite of Surinder Kalyan having an uncontrollable fit of jabbering after dinner we all continued to work and finished about 1.0 am again.

Saturday 14th March.

By now everybody had the Dale infection - a very heavy cold, but not to be defeated we all got up and counted sand hoppers! Good eh?! Going to the beach we practised some parachute jumping on the steep steps.

We discovered that Seema had received an arrow from Cupid's bow and had fallen for Gavin (our hero! from a Derbyshire school).

Worked until Sunday morning.

Sunday 15th March.

The Sabbath is also known to the locals as 'the day when those flippin' students go to the Saltmarsh! I won't mention the unfortunate

THE DALE DIARY 1987 (cont'd)

member who fell over in the foot deep mud, but Yasmeeen your face was a picture! (You should see Sohalla's photograph!) So that Saltmarsh monster had emerged yet again! Having walked through virtually every puddle Bec discovered her wellies leaked and as I parachute-jumped into a deceptively deep puddle I found that three and a half pints of cold, salty water had entered each of mine.

On the way back we encountered some more tall stories about Steve, Ups and Sly and how the salt marshes reminded them of the Vietnamese paddy fields.

So back to the labs to work until we were turfed out at 11.0 pm - we then continued in our rooms until - you've guessed it - 1.0 am!

Monday 16th March.

This was project day when we chose our own subject to study. Worked again till 1.0 am.

Tuesday 17th - the final day.

Thankfully the work load was lighter and so everybody finished and got up to date with it all. There was then a choice - either a coastal walk in a Force 9 gale and a visit to the Coastguard station, or a conservation tidying-up of one of the beaches. I didn't have much energy left as bronchitis was gradually settling in, so I chose the latter. We tidied up the beach in record time and then relaxed at the water's edge. Gavin (our hero) picked up Seema and waded out to about knee height before dropping her, to all our amusement! Bec was not so amused when I dropped her wellies in a rock pool.

So back to the Fort where we discussed our projects in front of the whole group, which provided quite a lot of laughs.

After dinner we all went to the local town for a last breath of fresh air - as a result this was the best night's sleep I got.

Wednesday 18th March.

Up bright and early to get the train back to Slough - all exhausted and many feeling quite ill. Surprising enough it didn't rain all week and we had expected it to pour down all the time!

See you soon,

Hugh.

HUGH VERRIER 62HE.



GRAY HOUSE REPORT

Scene: The School Reunion.

Gray House member from the Seventies: Well, Mr. Dutton, how's Gray House doing? I remember, it was really sad, we were the best House really in terms of team spirit and all that, but we always came last.

Me: Oh, not always last, more often we were next to last - that was the whole point of 'Gray House Spirit' but now -

Seventies member (interrupting): Oh, you used to get up in those assemblies with all that stuff about how it was the taking part that counted and not the winning.

Me: It's still the same, but now -

Seventies member: They seemed to pick people specially to be in Gray House - midgets, or boys with two left feet -

Ancient Gray House member from the early Sixties: I remember when I first came to the School, Gray House were always winning everything - we had years when we kept coming top.

Me: Well, that's how it seems to be now.

* * * *

Yes, members of Gray House had to pinch themselves to believe that it was true, when last Speech Day the Headmaster announced that we were the overall winners of the House Shield - a well-deserved victory, especially after our heady sweeping triumph on Sports Day. I think it has something to do with the girls - look at every year-group and you will find an immensely enthusiastic, often talented group of girls who turn out, enjoy their game and do really well - 2 Gray girls have followed tradition, particularly with their chants of 'Gray House Spirit' on the touchline as they supported the hockey team. We have had a splendid year - joint winners overall in the girls' sports and second and third in both soccer and basketball - all organised by the usual volunteers, amongst whom I would particularly like to mention Nicola Ward, Geoff Poole and Mark Avery who proved so helpful in difficult circumstances. And on top of that, another good party was held for the 2nd Form at Christmas with a great deal of help from our Sixth Form. We should all look forward to next year with eager anticipation and enthusiasm. Well done, all of us!

F.E.D.



HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT

The main thrust of the House System nowadays is perceived through the medium of games. Hampden House has been renowned for its successes in games in recent years. This year, the House obtained a new Senior Housemaster who, after twenty two years of service to another House, was awarded a free transfer. This clearly changed things, because Hampden failed to win as much success as

/cont'd

HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

in the past. For example, having dominated Senior Basketball for the past five years we felt it was only sporting to let someone else win. The fact that Gaynor and Battoo had left was co-incidental.

On the soccer front, the new rules defeated us. Both sides were faced with a penalty shoot-out and both captains (Ratneshwar and Cook, who shall be nameless) found their nerves failed them and were mesmerized by either the sun or the glazed eyes of the opposing goalkeepers. The senior side lost 8-7 on penalties when Ces, almost the last choice in the penalty stakes, failed, despite having scored in the 'real' match.

The girls did better, thanks particularly to the heroic efforts of Navdeep Duhra and Lucy Cowan in all sports (not forgetting Amanda Laflin's return from early retirement in the badminton and Sangita Sawhney's goalkeeping in the indoor hockey). Hampden won the senior indoor hockey and the junior outdoor hockey.

Thanks are due to all who played in all the teams and to the organizers, especially Deven Ratneshwar, Philip Little, Gregory Reed and Navdeep Duhra. These four, plus Lee Cook, provided the information for the report.

Thanks also go to the Group Tutors, Mrs. Hurst, Mrs. Cater, Mrs. Riches, Mr. Dumbell and Mr. Bryan who counselled, organized, administered and occasionally wrestled with their appropriate House groups.

There will be penalty practices before next year's team selections.

D.B.



HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT

Inspiration is a thing hard to come by when you are at the point of no return, A-levels staring you blankly in the face. But at the first mention of the HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT, it all comes tumbling out of the cerebral archives and flowing from the pen tip. This is TRULY a great honour. Herschelians have long maintained a strong, healthy belief that it is not the winning but the taking part that matters, and this is still the case. Our sporting achievements reflect that we prefer to remain humble. However, in terms of commitment, we all but swept the board, which is very praiseworthy. And our stalwart supporters were ever-present despite somewhat fluctuating touchline attendances. The humanitarian House policy of humouring, rather than embarrassing, the hapless opposition was apparent as all our teams exhibited boundless grace and sporting prowess while allowing their misguided adversaries to score more points.

However, our intellectual superiority brought us one moral victory after another. This policy was religiously upheld throughout the sporting year by all teams, junior and senior, no matter how strong the desire to be triumphant, showing just how resolute is the Herschelians dedication to duty, self-control and generosity. Only once did our reserve slip as we felt the need to prove ourselves. The senior Basketball team couldn't resist the temptation to rampage through the poor opposition, systematically turning each opponent into a mass of cowering, snivelling jelly (a bit like Gray House really) and

/cont'd

HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

generally performing gruesome vivisection on the lot. This resulted in a glorious victory for Herschel, leaving only 'sports day' for us to show the deprived, under-privileged of Hampden, Milton and Gray what it's all about.

Honourable mention must go to Lee Stone who played County U-19 football, and to James Dixon for his marvellous contribution to all that's wonderful in the Music Department.

Finally we would like to end this sparkling report, which will go down in history, by expressing our sincere gratitude, on behalf of all members of this talented, aspiring House, to Miss Baker for her tender guidance and omnipresence, and to Mr. Cullingworth for all his efforts. Our thanks are also extended to all other members of staff who have been so supportive and always put the cause of HERSCHEL HOUSE first.

House Captain and Vice-House Captain
- SURELY, you know who we are!



MILTON HOUSE REPORT

Greetings!

Yet another year of Milton supremacy in almost every field (only to be expected of course). The girls, led by captains Baljinder, Chandrika, Monica and Tamlyn, distinguished themselves by winning outright in 5th and 6th year Badminton and doing well by coming joint first in senior Indoor Hockey. They also managed second place in senior Field Hockey but generously retired to third place in the 3rd year Indoor Hockey to give the other houses a chance to win something. The boys under the auspices of Sean English were convincing winners of the senior Football and, under Jim Evans, were unlucky not to win the Basketball.

Further the House contributed to the 6th form Revue, showing once again our wealth of talent, and to the Old People's Party, helping to pour out endless cups of tea. The party to Italy contained an unsurprisingly high number of Miltonians, but then in the last couple of years these trips have been Milton dominated, not least by Mr. Rogers!

The 3rd form Christmas Party was also a success, aided by willing 6th formers who responded to the call of duty by eating most of the food!

Finally we, as House Captains, would like to thank, on behalf of the House, all the House staff, captains and members for their enthusiasm and support, and most of all Miss Dewar and Mr. Rogers.

D.S.W. and M.A.B.

BCS COMPUTER QUIZ

"CAFS, CCITT, OSLAN, PTT, OCP, EBCDIC..."
The chanting continued all the way to Southampton, as we battled our way through the elements (and lists of acronyms/abbreviations, hardware, software, firmware, liveware, etc.) to the South of England Final.

/cont'd

BCS COMPUTER QUIZ (cont'd)

Cramming becomes a way of life during the computer quiz, especially for the youngest member, owing to the relativity-like time contraction (I'm a physicist) caused by the shortness of notice given. Luckily, Matthew Perret and I were able to impart much of our knowledge to eager Mathew Waters by concentrated tutorials, so that we easily won the local rounds.

At the County Final we were pitted against Reading School, and also against the computer the BCS decided in their wisdom to use - the programs were full of 'bugs'. Nevertheless, we won decisively (and also the odd £500 BBC Compact computer).

So, at great length (about a week later), we arrived in Southampton for the crumbs our thoughtful sponsors had laid on - in fact, entirely meat sandwiches, so enjoyable for our vegetarian member. Suitably unrefreshed, we won a harrowingly close match, but no prizes. Perhaps the sponsors of the 4th July National Finals, IBM, will be more generous.

We would like to extend our thanks to Mrs. Broadgate, Dr. Whitehouse, and Mr. Nelson for their invaluable support and encouragement.

JASON CREAK 61G.

R.N.I.B. QUIZ

This is an Interschools general Knowledge Quiz organised by the Royal National Institute for the Blind

R.N.I.B. COUNTY QUIZ

The practice consisted of a game of 'Trivial Pursuit' to tune our minds to the intellectual standard needed for the tense, nail-biting ordeal before us (!)

The squad: Annabel Trebski, Gino Coccia, Steven Rowntree, Keith Walls, Matthew Moore, Thomas Morton.

After a bye in the first round, we played Princess Margaret Royal Free School, Windsor and gained a good victory with the highest score of the round.

Next stop was Prospect School in Reading whom we beat decisively, again with the highest score of the round.

In the semi-finals we met Downe House School in Newbury. It was a close match and we lost by three points (this was the only match I didn't take part in, but I'm not going to draw any conclusions from that.....)

I would like to thank Mrs. Hughes for all her help and support (and her skilful handling of the minibus!)

ANNABEL TREBSKI 5HA.

JUNIOR YOUTH SPEAKS TEAM

This year we had a brand new team from the fourth year. Kirsty Wilson made a very pleasant and competent chairperson, taking charge of the proceedings well and introducing the team with charm and wit. Amita Sharma prepared an

/cont'd

JUNIOR YOUTH SPEAKS TEAM (cont'd)

excellent speech on Superstitions with a nice combination of facts, comment and humour. She delivered her speech well and the audience were obviously appreciative of it. Edwina Bell had the short difficult speech - the vote of thanks. She tackled this extremely well with some very clever and humorous comments. Not only were the individual speeches good, but the three came over very well as a team.

After all that, you might say, they should have gone on into the next round. Well - yes - and no! They were definitely of a high enough standard to go on to the next round, but they were up against one of the most assured and competent teams I have ever heard at junior level - and they were a year older - in the fifth year.

So well done to our team. They were a credit to the School.

M.J.T.

SENIOR YOUTH SPEAKS TEAM

Our team was Seema Vasudev (principal speaker), Baljinder Hothi (in the Chair) and Navdeep Duhra, who presented the Vote of Thanks. We chose to place the emphasis on the main speaker and to use the other two as supporters only - this in a year when most teams were giving each member equal camera. Fortunately the judge approved, and pointed out that the Chair should not steal thunder from the principal, so OUR style won favour. We are into the next round.

But one must not belittle the hard work and concentration of all three members; each young woman developed a personal approach and manner, was reliable and cheerful at rehearsals and - above all - delivered magnificent broadsides on the night.

- The semi-final: well, yes. We were not at our best that night. Frequent changes of date sabotaged our rehearsal schedule and Trial A-level happening at the same time certainly didn't help; but we were not, sadly, as ready as we had been earlier. One brightness remained: Navdeep was declared best Voter of Thanks of the evening. Well, done, Navdeep.

G.F.

ROAD SAFETY

The year of success for the School's Road Safety squad continued with an unbeaten record in the 1986-87 season of quizzes.

Somewhat oddly the Thames Valley Competition came first. Our senior team, Monica Joglekar, Baljinder Hothi, Andrew Kipping and Robert Lewin had had first to prove in a written examination that they were the best in the Slough and Bracknell division. They did so convincingly. Then followed a good win in the Southern District Championship against Blue Coat School, Reading, making them in effect Berkshire champions, the team to represent the Southern District in the Byron Trophy, as the Thames Valley final is called.

/cont'd

ROAD SAFETY (cont'd)

They set out one dark and wind-lashed evening for the remote wilderness of Sulhampstead, behind the bars of a Police Van driven by P.C. Tugwell. Alas that the Police Traffic Department had failed to notify him that a vital swing bridge was closed. They lost their way, having to drive, much to the amusement of the M.O.D. police on duty, into the Atomic Energy Establishment at Aldermaston to ask directions! Teams from Milton Keynes and Banbury represented the other parts of the Thames Valley - but Upton won; the result was never doubted and our lead was impressively large.

Next came the Slough District Quiz, the Commerce Cup, the team for which was Andrew Kipping, Robert Lewin, Sarah Nicholson and Suzanne Morris with reserve Gail Whittaker. A bye in the first round made for a semi final match with St. Joseph's which Upton won well. The final at the Town Hall was a repeat of last year's showdown with Langley G.S. and the result was no different. However it was a close run affair with victory only assured in the last round after a solid performance with the team scoring highly. So Upton collected the cup after winning by 107 points to 94.

A.K.

CRIME PREVENTION

The School once more displayed its deep knowledge of crime by entering a team in the Thames Valley Crime Prevention Competition.

There were two eliminating rounds before the Slough Final, both held at the old Slough Library. In each round we were against the same one of the four Sikh Youth Movement teams, amongst whose members were several of our School pupils.

We qualified from the first round in a draw with the Sikh Youth Movement A team: Monica scoring full marks. In the second round we had a change of team with reserve Jeff Taylor taking Monica Joglekar's place, as she had gone to India, and Wajid Hamid taking Andrew Colley's place. We won this second round with Jeff Taylor scoring full marks, whilst amusing all with his constant barrage of jokes, particularly directed against a somewhat dubious character calling himself the question master (what have a policeman and an eskimo got in common?) However he was not nearly as bad as one "question master" we had at the Slough final, the celebrated 'you can't see the join' Ernie Wise, who only decided to take over the whole show by adjudicating, even though his poor hearing prevented him from understanding the answers from the teams and he proceeded to give away points where they weren't deserved (but not to us!) Throughout the competition it was very close between our team and Sikh Youth Movement A team, both taking the lead. The outcome depended upon the result of the observation round and unfortunately we lost by 2½ points, despite Lucy Cowan and Baljinder Hothi being the only people who got full marks of the four teams. Each of us received a plaque and a cheque of £35 was awarded to the School.

The squad was:	Lucy Cowan (Capt.)	Baljinder Hothi
	Monica Joglekar	Jeff Taylor
	Wajid Hamid	Andrew Colley.

LUCY COWAN 61HA.

* (They both have blue helmets! 6 J. Taylor 1987.

THE ALTERNATIVE CRIME PREVENTION QUIZ

Once upon a time (a Sunday morning!!), long, long ago (six months) I volunteered (of all things) to be part of the team representing my Sunday School, under the mantle "Sikh Youth Movement - Team A". Four of us in all, set to work for our first competition in a week's time. The other three in the team, incidentally, were from Herschel namely Inderpal (our infallible captain), Kulwant and Jaswinder.

On arrival at the Old Library premises I found out to my dismay that our main competition would be the UGS team and I stared in awe at them while I contemplated the consequences of beating my own School. I didn't have much to worry about however for we drew in that competition and lost the following one (only by small margins of course). On each occasion our gallant captain tried to point out any discrepancies in the scoring which purported to be fair. That is about as likely as finding a cure for Mr. Davies's terminal hair loss.

My memory has been somewhat fogged by the blinding flashes of reporter's cameras but I think there was another competition, before the showdown in the Slough final at the Town Hall. Again the UGS team, consisting of Lucy, Baljinder, Wajid and Monica were our main competition. It was attended by the Mayor and Slough's M.P. and hosted by Ernie Wise who spiced his questions with short witty puns. On seeing the Headmaster there however, my excitement faded, the adrenalin pumped and I tried to push images of the notorious School Dungeons out of my mind. What if we won?! I alone had this worry for I was the only UGS member in the team. After many ups and down we were put in the lead by one point. My fate rested on the results of the observation round. The results were announced and we had won. Luckily there were no repercussions except for the offers of interviews on 'Wogan' which, after consultation with our agent, we had to refuse.

Our next destination was the regional final in High Wycombe in which we came second, beaten by a disgraceful nine points by the home team. We both got through to the Thames Valley finals in Oxford. We then press-ganged enough supporters to fill our coach and set off. We were the first to arrive and when all six teams were present we were introduced to Bob Holness of 'Blockbusters', the unsuspecting quizmaster who thought pronouncing names was easy. He pointed out that we were the only boys' team there! All the more reason to win (pardon the chauvinistic comment). As we settled down we realised that even the adjudicator, a Chief Superintendent, was a woman. We had no chance! We battled on and to the team's delight by the fifth round we were ahead of our arch rivals, the High Wycombe team. Uncontrollable euphoria set in. The questions came thick and fast but then disaster - our captain had faltered. Despite that we were placed third, beaten by Banbury and Newbury.

The whole team had enjoyed the quiz very much and after wading through the hoards of pressmen (press-persons) we got to our coach and went home.

RAJANPAL UPPAL 61HA.

AT YOUR SERVICE - BOOKS!

As forecast last year, the role of the school library is changing and its importance increasing. The new GCSE examinations require a large amount of project work which means that the non-fiction section must be extended from covering predominantly the sixth form syllabus to include many more books suitable for projects in the lower school.

The library staff hope that, as GCSE needs become clearer, we shall find the gaps in existing stock and fill them. This will take time and when every school in the district needs books on the same basic syllabus students must accept that, initially, they will have to use our school facilities to make notes rather than demand 'a book' on their particular subject. We are at present extending the Reference Section to enable the whole of the lower school to have the best up-to-date information whilst continuing to give the Sixth Form the necessary support. We have on order a new set of encyclopaedias and several other sets of general works to help with this. The removal of the Sixth Form private study to a classroom means that we can now use the library during lesson time for many activities ranging from discussion groups to free use of the books with the assistance of either a teacher or librarian.

It is extremely helpful if teaching staff inform the librarians when they set subjects for project work particularly in the lower forms. We can then stop the first pupils given the subject from clearing the shelves leaving later groups to complain that there is nothing on that subject. If necessary we may be able to order project boxes from the School Library Service but, with the same syllabus being set for every school in the district, they too will have their problems and bookings must be made as far ahead as possible. Our support librarian for the Slough area is of great help and we do rely on her assistance in keeping the fiction section up-to-date.

We must thank the members of staff who undertake lunch time supervision and the librarians (mostly third formers) who ensure the smooth running of the borrowing system. Because of the interest shown by our junior librarians, we hope soon to start an 'earn a librarian's badge' course and also run study-skill periods to enable students to get the most benefit from our facilities.

E.H. and V.W.

* * * * *

We librarians have been exhausted with the stamping and recording of books that so many people have been wanting to take out. Many more people have also been using books for reference in the library. Arranging the books in numerical order and author's surname has been an equal problem. We must, therefore, ask you to return the books to their proper places or place it on the trolley behind the Librarian's desk.

We would like to thank Mrs. Whatling and Mrs. Hurst for helping us shelve those numberless books. Also, we would like to thank the staff for controlling those pests who use the Library if it is cold or raining outside.

The raffle that was held at the end of last term provoked a strong response. Many books were returned, even some that we thought had got lost. Last appeal, please bring any old books which are of no use to you as they can be valuable in certain respects. Thank you.

LIBRARIANS: Serena Joshi and
Kay Fullick (3 Gray)

SKIING '87

This year was a particularly frustrating one for Upton's ski trip organisers. First the junior trip had to be cancelled due to some problems with the resort. The trip was booked and the young skiers had taken lessons on the dry slope at Hillingdon, but then came the bad news.

Those going on the senior trip had almost made the final payment when we were informed that another school had cancelled leaving us with a half-empty coach and a rather large surcharge. If you think the juniors were disappointed you should have seen the tears on the faces of the sixth formers.

After much phoning around we did manage to find a company who were prepared to fly us to a skiing resort for the same amount as we would have paid to travel by coach to Spain.

Where was this resort? Bulgaria, that's where!

The pupils decided skiing was skiing and so we made plans to fly to Bulgaria. A land where you nod your head when you mean "no" and shake it when you mean "yes". Where there are 100 stotinki to each lev, and best of all, where you can change your sterling and get twice the official exchange rate - this means two milk shakes for the price of one. Actually, people stop you in the street and offer to give you up to four times the exchange rate. This is very naughty of them and if you have an overwhelming desire to get four hamburgers for the price of one, you could land yourself in serious trouble.

The waiters and skiing instructors spend a lot of their pay on buying sterling (pounds). With these pounds or dollars they buy western goods such as clothes, watches, radios and so on. They have been known to offer to buy the clothes off your back if they are "levi" sweatshirts or "Boy George" tee-shirts.

But enough of all this. The skiing was very good indeed and as long as you are not too proud to slide down the difficult slopes on your back - this is known as a Julian - you can't fail to have a good time. The hotel was comfortable, the food was good, the people were friendly and the price of cuddly toys was very low indeed. In fact we have decided to go there again next year, taking a party of forty pupils and staff.

If you want to know about other aspects of Bulgaria which are of interest to pupils and not staff like the night life, tobogganning, duty-free hot chocolate, bowling rink, swimming pool, you will have to ask any of the eleven pupils who went this year. They have obviously had a good time, because the word (and photographs) has spread and resulted in thirty-two booked for next year, with some pupils still on the waiting list.

P.R.

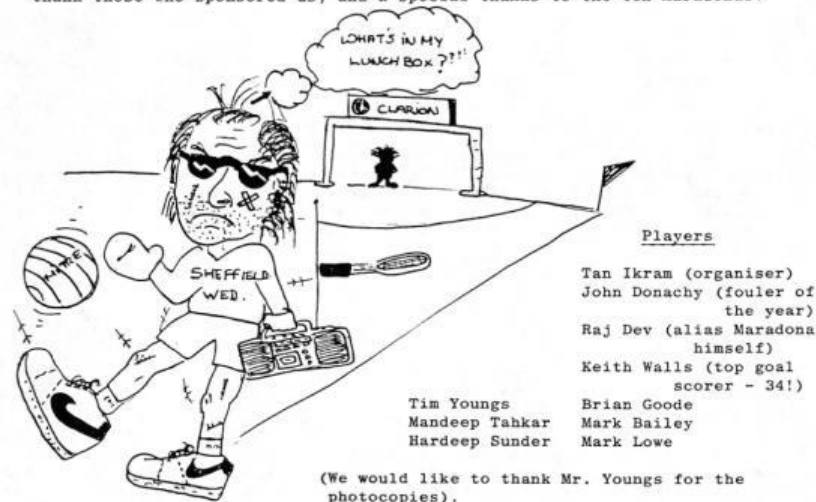
THE TEN MARADONAS

Ten courageous, skilful Miltonians gave up all of Saturday the 31st January to participate in a six hour football match (golly!!!) Hours of organisation went into this event which proved a great success. All players turned up punctually dressed in the usual flash gear.

Play started at about 11 am and continued through the day until 5 pm, having a five minute interval every hour and a substitution system. We played to indoor five-a-side rules (except for fouling). After the second hour we were down to 2-a-side and six injured. But the most peculiar incident of the day was when the photographer from the "Slough Express" turned up. Suddenly all those supposedly injured miraculously recovered and were exhibiting varieties of headers, volleys and dribbling.

The questions going through everybody's minds all day long were who's going to win? How many goals am I going to score? What's in my lunch box? Half way through the day disputes were heating up and in some cases small scraps had to be stopped, but on the whole the day went well.

The final sum of sponsor money came up £156 but we are expecting to collect at least £100 which will go towards the "Slough Observer" cancer screening appeal. We would like to thank Mr. Thistlewood for getting the show on the road (he even sacrificed his glasses). I would also like to thank those who sponsored us, and a special thanks to the ten Maradonas.



WATCH OUT NEXT YEAR WE'LL BE DOING A SPONSORED SILENCE (SSHHH!!)
(That could be hard for some of us i.e. John D.)

TANQEER IKRAM 3M.

UNDER-13 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
11	6	0	5	62	37

As was to be expected, hopes of representing the School attracted around forty boys to the first trial and a second had to be held before the eventual first choice squad could be formed. Those selected had little problem settling into the side and despite a 3-5 defeat by Burnham Grammar in the first game, they showed promise for the coming season. Putting together good passing moves, some of which seemed instinctive, and positive finishing, the team recorded several encouraging wins such as the 12-1 and 15-0 defeats of St. Joseph's and Woodside respectively.

A lack of aggression and getting caught by breaks did cause problems and will need to be worked on. Mark Walters proved a dominant figure in midfield while Matthew Moore had a good season at the back as did Sundeep Jeer on the left wing. Kevin Richardson led the scoring with 17 goals.

The highlight of the season was the side's appearance in the Slough and District Lightfoot Cup Final following a 4-1 semi-final victory over Burnham Secondary. Against a very strong Langleywood side we eventually went down 3-6 but the players should be congratulated for what they achieved. Let's hope that next season will prove as successful.

N.A.B.

UNDER-15 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
10	9	0	1	44	16

This is an excellent playing record, and in addition, the QPR 24-team 6-a-side tournament was won by the UGS U-15s - Bhandal, Cooke, Wignall, Day, Cotsford, Argrave and Donovan.

It was a pity that the only loss of the season (3-2) was in the district semi-final v Langley (whom we beat 7-0 earlier in the season!)

The most important success of the season however, is that the team has played some excellent football and is learning the importance of hard work and team work as well as skill. These were in evidence when the U-15s held the School U-16s to a draw twice this season. All the following contributed a great deal to an enjoyable and successful season.

Day, Donovan (capt.), McGarvey, Fullam, Gill, Galea, Cooke, Argrave, Jordan, Bhandal, Wignall, Cotsford, Nicholls.

M.W.

UNDER-16 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
8	4	1	3	21	13

For this side to have ended the season without a trophy or medal was very disappointing. Whether or not a limited number of matches over the past eighteen months had any effect is impossible to say. The team was well-balanced and contained several good individual players but they never looked totally convincing as a complete unit. Promising moves too often broke down or players were beaten to the ball by more aggressive and more determined opponents. Adrian English battled away up front and deservedly topped the scoring along with Michael Buckley on six goals. Buckley and Nigel Fox showed very good reading of situations, but the side's inability to drop back and defend in numbers often exposed the back four.

/cont'd

UNDER-16 SOCCER (cont'd)

Cup semi-final defeats by Slough and Eton (Nabisco Trophy), Langley Grammar (Pusey Cup) and a County cup quarter-final defeat at Park House ended our competition involvements. Nevertheless, thank you to all of the players for their efforts - I hope to see several of them representing the 1st XI in next season's fixtures.

N.A.B.

1st XI Soccer

Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
25	9	4	12	58	71

For all the memories of exciting matches and important wins, the record above clearly shows that the season was not as successful as we might have been lured into thinking. Nevertheless, this should not detract from an excellent run in the Walsh (Berks) Cup which unfortunately ended with a 1-3 defeat by Reading College in the final; nor from the side's appearance in the first round of the English Schools Barclays Bank competition. Despite some very good individual performances at various stages of the season, the team was never able to keep a run of consistently solid performances going beyond two or three matches and a disappointing 1-1 draw with Herschel effectively ended our chances in the Berkshire league competition.

Three players deserve a special mention: Neil Fox for leading the side with such drive and determination, Philip Little for solving an early season goalkeeping programme and producing some excellent performances and Harjinder Virdee for scoring his one and only goal in seven years of School representative football. Neil and Nigel (at 15/16) Fox and Lee Stone, who top-scored with 18 goals, played for the Berkshire U-19 side; Gary Rice was voted Player of the Year for the second season running. Colours were re-awarded to Lee Stone and Neil Fox, full colours awarded to Gary Rice and half-colours to Philip Little, Mark Kelsey, Rory Gillies and Robert Craddock. Best wishes to those leaving in your future soccer careers; thank you for your commitment and support.

N.A.B.

2nd XI SOCCER

This was an unseccessful season in terms of results, but it was pleasing to see that a hard core of the team was still prepared to compete very earnestly in all the games and probably enjoyed the season more because of it.

O'Hare, Ces, Cunningham, Saunders, Murphy, Collins, Colgate and Taylor all deserve a mention for their efforts throughout the season.

M.W.

SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY

It was good to have the league races again this year. I realised how much we had missed them last year when they were cancelled. They are important because they give everyone a chance of running in competition, whatever their ability. The turn out is always very good and gets larger each year, especially in the girls section. Over the three races thirteen girls from the School took part and nineteen boys. The keenest sections were the senior

/cont'd

CROSS COUNTRY (cont'd)

girls who were placed fourth and the second year boys who were placed fifth. The best individual results were:

Julie Marshall - senior girls - 3rd each time
Nuzhet Alhassan - senior girls - 6th, 10th, 8th
Julia Page - junior girls - 9th on one outing
Colin Stewart - 4th & 5th year - 1st and 2nd
Ross Muir - third year - 9th, 8th, 3rd
Leo Donovan - third year - 6th on one outing
Ronan Traynor - third year - 7th on one outing
Matthew Moore - second year - 4th, 1st, 2nd.

The Inter-School cup races have yet to be run.

Colin Stewart and Julie Marshall have both been selected to run for the county. Well done!

Also Jason Donovan, Ross Muir, Leo Donovan, Matthew Moore and Francis Hernandez have run at district level

M.J.T.

BASKETBALL REPORT 1986-7

Upton had two squads playing in the Berkshire Leagues during the season, the U-15s in the Premier section and the U-16s in the North and East section. Both squads showed encouraging signs of potential in early season matches such as the U-15 25-26 defeat at Forest and the U-16 60-48 victory over Charters. Unfortunately, a reluctance to attend training sessions meant that no real team pattern emerged in either age group as individual performances were too often inconsistent.

The U-15s did gain one deserved victory with a disciplined 67-57 win over Charters which reversed an earlier 41-54 defeat, and the U-16s gained two other wins, both over Claires Court. Stephen Tierney, Gurdeep Biring and Jonathan Bruce were most effective for the U-16s, while Bruce with his height advantage and Peter Joy with his aggression scored regularly for the U-15s. Johal and Najjhur (U-16s) and Wignall and Cook (U-15s) also proved effective at various stages of the season. Jonathan Bruce top-scored for both sides with a season's points total of 107.

Towards the end of the season, interest in the game was established at U-14 level with training sessions and one game against Woodside being organised. Despite the 14-34 defeat, this fixture was valuable experience on which the squad will hopefully build next season. Regarding future competitions however, if a decent league standard is to be achieved, players must be prepared to train and play regularly as a squad.

N.A.B.

1st XI HOCKEY (BOYS)

Played	Won	Drew	Lost
5	0	1	4

Last year's undefeated record was a hard act to follow, consequently we arranged fixtures with better opposition, but sadly we lost all of the games

/cont'd

1st XI HOCKEY (BOYS) (cont'd)

except one (and that we only drew). Unfortunately, we seemed to lack the winning touches and commitment of the previous season, however I think we all enjoyed it and I shall leave the new captain the enviable task of mustering up a side for next season.

Thanks to Messrs Rieley and Williamson for umpiring the games.

H. Verrier (Captain)

Squad: Walker, Taylor, Reed, Dixon, Wordham, Mason, Shaikh, Bashir, Slade, Nabi, Verrier, Sahota, Murphy D., Khurana, Spencer, McIntosh, Sharma, Esam, Murphy R.

JUNIOR HOCKEY (BOYS)

After an absence of junior hockey at UGS, it has been enjoyable to see a good deal of enthusiasm from U-16 and U-14 boys teams this season. The U-16s beat Burnham 6-1, Forest 4-1, drew Challoners 2-2 and lost to the very prestigious Bluecote school 1-2. Many of the players will make up next season's First XI and the signs are encouraging. David Murphy deserves special mention for some excellent skills and also hard work and commitment.

The U-14s lack inches (or feet?) but not skill or enthusiasm. They lost 3-0 to Burnham but were certainly not outplayed, and later beat Woodside 1-0.

I look forward to playing a lot more fixtures next year now that I have seen the potential and enthusiasm.

M.W.

P.S. Thanks to Mr. Rieley for driving the minibus.

INTER HOUSE COMPETITION (BOYS)

Soccer

In multi-coloured kit and appalling weather the senior soccer started with Milton beating Hampden in a penalty shoot out, Milton eventually beating Gray in the final. The junior games were very hard fought, with even 2nd years getting 'stuck in'. In a very good game Milton beat Gray 3-0 and then beat Hampden on penalties in the final, Chris Day making the vital saves in goal.

Senior:	1st Milton	Junior:	1st Milton
	2nd Gray		2nd Hampden
	3rd Hampden		3rd Gray
	4th Herschel		4th Herschel

Basketball

This provided a great deal of excitement for the large numbers who turned up to watch. (Unfortunately a lot of them stood in front of the scoreboard so no-one knew the score until the end of the games!). Highlight of the juniors' games was Milton's 29-27 win over Hampden. Despite "coach" Peter Joy's attempts to get Gray in to shape, they were beaten in the final by Milton, for whom Jon Bruce excelled.

The senior games provided Herschel with their moment of glory, winning a superb final 29-27 over Milton for whom Mark Kelsey nearly stole the game with an attempted "3-pointer" in the last seconds. Gray beat Hampden 22-20 for 3rd place in another close one.

/cont'd

INTER HOUSE COMPETITION (BOYS) (cont'd)

Senior:	1st Herschel	Junior:	1st Milton
	2nd Milton		2nd Gray
	3rd Gray		3rd Hampden
	4th Hampden		4th Herschel

M.W.

GIRLS' HOCKEY 1986-7 SEASON

The season started well for the Senior team with a 5-0 victory over Herschel in the first match, and hopes for the season were high. Unfortunately this was our best performance - or perhaps the later opposition was better! There was a comfortable 2-1 win over Windsor, and two hard fought and well deserved draws against strong teams from St. Bernard's Convent and Burnham Grammar, only two games were lost giving final figures of:

Played 6 Won 2 Drew 2 Lost 2 10 goals for,
8 against

In the Slough District Under 18 Tournament in March the team played with great enthusiasm and determination and were placed first.

In the Indoor League the results were rather disappointing and the team was only seventh.

The Under 15 team played consistently well in the Indoor Hockey matches.

They won the Indoor District League, won their section of the Indoor Tournament but lost in the semi-final to be placed third.

In the Field Hockey Tournament in March the team came second.

At Under 14 level two teams were entered in the Indoor Tournament and both won their sections but unfortunately both lost in the semi-finals to St. Bernard's and Langley Grammar respectively.

In Field Hockey they had three friendly matches, winning 2 and losing 1, they were also placed 3rd in the Field Hockey Tournament.

The system for awarding School Colours, for girls who have played regularly and consistently well in School matches, has been amended this year. In future, players will be eligible for colours each year rather than having simply Junior or Senior Colours.

Colours have therefore been awarded this season as follows:

6th form colours:	Baljinder Hothi, Lucy Cowan, Monica Joglekar, Chandrika Deshpande and Elizabeth Maunder.
5th form colours:	Zarka Liaqat and Nicola Ward.
4th form colours:	Suzanne Merris and Sarah Nicholson.
3rd form colours:	Serena Joshi, Kim Barnes and Navi Hyare.

C.D.

INTER HOUSE COMPETITION (GIRLS)

As there are only a limited number of inter school matches available for girls' teams we organise a fairly comprehensive programme of House Matches

/cont'd

INTER HOUSE COMPETITION (GIRLS) (cont'd)

for all age groups. The results this season are listed below.

Senior Hockey (4th, 5th, 6th years)	
1st Gray	2nd Milton 3rd Herschel 4th Hampden
Senior Indoor Hockey (5th and 6th)	
Tied 1st Hampden and Milton	3rd Herschel 4th Gray
6th Form Badminton	
1st Milton	2nd Gray 3rd Hampden 4th Herschel
5th Form Badminton	
1st Milton	2nd Herschel 3rd Gray 4th Hampden
4th Year Volleyball	
1st Gray	2nd Milton 3rd Hampden 4th Herschel
3rd Year Indoor Hockey	
1st Gray	2nd Hampden 3rd Milton 4th Herschel
Junior Hockey (2nd, 3rd years)	
1st Hampden	2nd Gray 3rd Milton 4th Herschel
2nd Year Cross Country	
1st Milton	2nd Gray 3rd Hampden 4th Herschel.

Positions in the Overall House Championship:

4th Herschel	12 points
3rd Hampden	19 points
1st Gray	25 points.
(Milton)	

C.D.

U-16 BADMINTON TEAM

The newly-formed badminton team have had an extremely successful season, playing against local clubs and schools. The team consisted of:

Jennifer Newman	Sanjay Kar
Julie Marshall	Mark Spencer
Mandy Underwood	Bernard Stratton.

Bernard Stratton and Mark Spencer, who are both county players, have provided inspiration for the rest of the team with their superb standard of play.

Grateful thanks to Tyrone Sterry and Justin Lansley who stepped in as substitutes at very short notice.

Five rounds have been played, and Upton has won them all. We hope that more players will come forward in order to ensure the team's continued success.

Grateful thanks to Mrs. Broadgate and Mr. Nelson, who have organised the fixtures and given valuable support to the players.

JULIE MARSHALL 5G.

GIRLS BADMINTON CLUB

It's Wednesday, 3.30 and the bell has rung. Five minutes later and the cupboard in the gym corridor is being mobbed by 4th and one or two 5th form girls in our little maroon p.e. skirts. Where's Mrs. Broadgate? Not late again!

Ah, here she comes, with the keys! And we're off. Out with the badminton rackets, nets, and shuttle-cocks. Off in our three groups of four, two playing in the hall and the other in the gym.

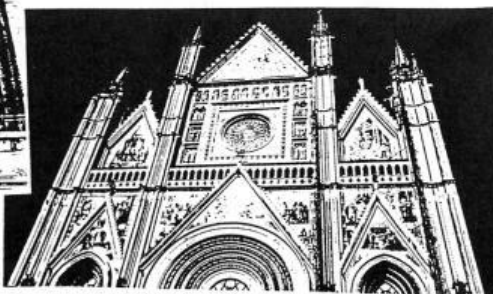
You may ask, what's going on? In the gym Mr. Nelson is carefully, and slyly, umpiring an 'extremely serious' match. But in the hall it's full of chaos. One one court Mark Spencer is 'trying' to improve our serves. On the other, a slightly less than civilised game is in progress. Every twenty five minutes we all do a swap on the three courts so that none of us miss the dreaded opportunity of playing in front of Mr. Nelson.

4.45 arrives and Mrs. Broadgate turns up from somewhere out of the blue. "Clear up! Count the rackets!" and we're gone.

There has been the odd day or two, since the second half of the autumn term, where we have been accompanied by Mr. Thompson on the piano and during Christmas Mrs. Broadgate did so nicely arrange a 'petite' Christmas party, for which we are extremely thankful as we all had a 'smashing' time.

Thanks again to Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Broadgate for supporting our badminton club.

AMITA SHARMA 4G.



BUONGIORNO ITALIA!

AT LAST, Tuesday the 21st of April had arrived. The moment that thirty-two pupils and ex-pupils, plus three members of staff had been awaiting for months, was finally here. At a quarter to five in the morning, the Residents of Lascelles Road were treated to a rousing chorus of car-door-slamming, swiftly followed by the sound of our coach as it sped us on our way towards the exotic destination of Luton Airport. Excitement (and tension for first-time fliers) was high, even at that early hour. It was only dampened slightly when, on our arrival in the departure lounge (?) we were informed by a flashing notice board that our 7.45 flight had been delayed until "Approximately 9.00". This approximation proved correct, and we arrived at Turin Airport one-and-a-half hours later at 11.30 (local time). We arrived at the Hotel Bolivar in Lido di Jesolo eight hours later, after sampling our first autostrada traffic jam, and were 'treated' to a meal of mushroom (?) soup and a little bit of chicken (or was it fish?), after which we set out to explore our surroundings.

The following day we were taken by our guide, the lovely Sonia, to Venice, where we spent the whole day. It was here that we had our first - and only - missing person; who was lost to us for a few hours amongst the back streets of Venice, a beautiful city built on one hundred and seventeen islands, which only smells 'sometimes'!

That night, at our hotel, was the first time our odious (or odorous, one of the two) friend Geoffrey Poole met his 'wonderful' Lancashire lasses. The girls (if that's what they really were) seemed to turn up wherever we went - even atop the tower of Pisa! Wednesday night also saw one or two group members "falling under the influence", one of whom obviously regretted it the following day on the twelve-hour coach journey to Hotel Ergife in Rome. On the way, we made several 'convenience' stops, plus a special stop in Orvieto, to see the well and cathedral there.

At the hotel, we were split into groups of either two or six per room, after which we were ushered into dinner - self service, Italian style! The food in Rome was somewhat 'disappointing', even compared to that at Jesolo.

During the next two days we spent in Rome, we visited the Vatican and St. Peter's Square, the Catacombs, the Colosseum and various other interesting places. Although the Catacombs were interesting in their own eerie way, the highlight of THAT particular visit was the old man suffering from Parkinson's disease who guided us around them; he would have been very much at home in a pulpit, so eloquent were his preachings. We weren't alone in the Catacombs, but the less said about THAT, the better....

Sunday saw our departure from Rome, and another long coach journey to Montecatini, stopping on the way at Siena and Pisa. Siena's town square had a vast array of goods on sale - from its famous sweets to black leather whips! (By the way, Darren, I hope your back's better now. Your lady-friend really went to town with that present you got her!!) At Pisa we all risked life and limb to scale the heights of the fabled leaning tower, only to be deafened by the bells, upon reaching the top.

/cont'd

BUONGIORNO ITALIA! (cont'd)

That evening we arrived at Hotel Brennero (or "Bread Rolls") to discover that we were, at present, its only guests, and, as such, received the full attention of its wonderful staff. The food there was by far the best of the whole trip.

On Monday, our last full day in Italy, we spent much of our time in the beautiful city of Florence, spending much of the remainder of our money on the market stalls.

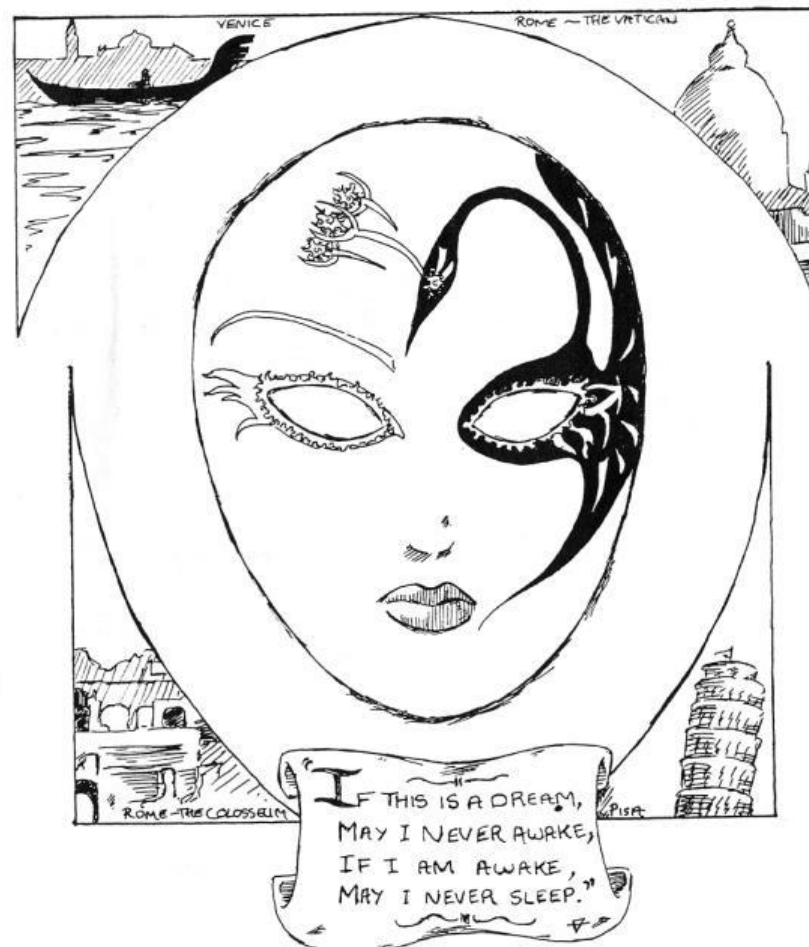
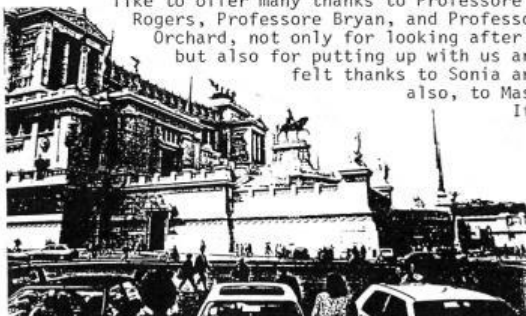
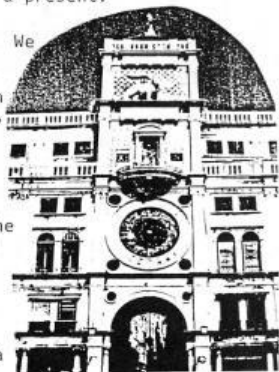
At dinner that night, we had a triple celebration - the end of our week in Italy, Mr. Rogers' 21st year of involvement in trips abroad with the School (and, he says, his last), and one Chris Mills' birthday, for which the hotel staff had prepared a special cake, and in which we all had a share. We also gave our gift of thanks to Sonia, who, it has to be said, did a wonderful job for us, and became a friend to the whole group. The Italian custom is to give a kiss of thanks to the giver of the present. Since there were thirty-five of us, Mr. Rogers gallantly accepted them all at once, thus saving Sonia too much effort. Our driver, Gino, also received a present. I don't know if HE kissed anyone....

Little, if any, sleep was gained that night. We all went to a disco (paid for by the staff), which we left at one thirty, only to be told to be ready to leave by three, so that we could get to Turin in time for our 11.20 departure. When the time came, Sonia got right up to passport control before bidding us farewell, so reluctant was she to let us go. The flight, this time, went as scheduled, and we arrived back at school at 1.30. Here, it is appropriate to mention one Mohammed Baig, a veteran, at 19, of school trips, who, throughout the week had pleaded poverty, yet who still managed to return loaded with duty free goods and spare cash. (His taste for alcohol is best left unmentioned.)

Finally, on behalf of all concerned, I would like to offer many thanks to Professore Rogers, Professore Bryan, and Professoressa Orchard, not only for looking after us, but also for putting up with us and being such good company; heartfelt thanks to Sonia and Gino, back in Italy; and thanks, also, to Mass and Tony for those useful Italian phrases ...

Until next time ... Ciao Baby!

MARK MANLEY 5G
(with contributions by
ROBERT LEWIN 5M)



MY VOYAGE ON THE MALCOLM MILLER

The adventure began about a year ago. I was approached by a friend who asked me if I would like to go on the trip of a lifetime. I agreed when I heard what he had to say especially as £300 would be paid by the local Rotary Club.

However, it did not seem long before I found myself aboard a three-masted schooner at the beginning of September. We were moored in London, alongside H.M.S. Belfast. We were instructed for the rest of the day and the following morning we were woken at half past three to catch the early tide.

Before I continue I will tell you more about the ship and its crew. The crew consisted of about ten full timers, for example, the captain and the bosun. There were also thirty-nine "trainees". I fell into this latter category.

We sailed down the Thames and everyone was feeling on top of the world. Then we approached the Thames estuary and people were looking green. As soon as we hit the North Sea everyone was leaning over the side rail and saying goodbye to breakfast. A couple more days of this continued, when at last we sighted Holland. We stayed there briefly and then moved on.

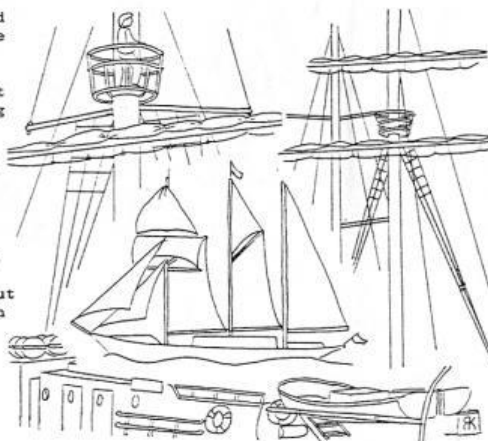
Then came probably the worst time of all. I had been up the rigging plenty of times already but never in the dark, in the rain, in a force seven gale. It was a nightmare. I was ninety feet up, swaying like a drunkard and all there was between me and the sea was a hand hold and a piece of rope to stand on. One poor person froze and was stuck up there for an hour, and morale was getting very low amongst the crew.

Then we once again sighted the land. This time it was Cherbourg, a not very exciting place where we were stuck for four days because of the weather. Once again morale was low. One trainee had a breakdown and was sent home, after being beaten up by the French police. Another got arrested. So when Cherbourg was left behind we were pleased to be going back to our homeland.

We made a stop on the Isle of Wight before finally disembarking in Southampton docks, after two weeks of no sleep, no washing, no change of clothes and no stomach.

It was a trip I will never forget, and if anyone reading this is offered a chance to go on a similar voyage I advise them to snatch the opportunity - as it really was a trip not to be missed.

COLIN BAUGHAN 61HE



THE HIT MAN

They brought him to me - the Hit Man,
Blood-stained, writhing in pain.
He was beyond saving -
Their remorseful gaze told me that much.
They placed him beside me;
His blood-encrusted eyes stared back at me;
Pain had driven out any emotion.
He coughed with his blood-soaked lungs.
This was him then, the Hit Man
Unstoppable, deadly - the killing machine
Invincible, invulnerable - the granite man
Emotionless.



He shuddered violently, I looked into his eyes
I could now see fear. Emotionless?
Seventy-two men screamed in his head.
One gross eyes stared up through his mind.
He whimpered, he shook, he died.
I turned away, realising it was only Fear
That kept me going too.

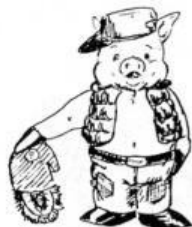
WAJID HAMID 61HA

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time, in a flat in the fashionable part of London, Mother Pig said to her three sons, "This flat isn't big enough for the four of us, and with acid rain, artificial additives and the danger of nuclear attack, I think you three should go to the country. I'll sell the flat, and give you a third of the money each."

A few days later the little pigs said goodbye to their mother, and with a warning to 'watch out for the wolf' ringing in their ears, they set out.

The first little pig went to a farmyard and took a bale of straw, with which he built a house. With the money left over he bought a Rolls Royce and two Porsches.



The second pig was slightly more sensible; and he bought a chain saw, and built a wooden house in a forest. With the rest of his money he bought a television, home computer and a bath-full of pig swill.



The third pig bought a J.C.B. with his money, and built a fortified house. He spent all his money on his house so he could not buy anything else.



A few months after the pigs had settled down, a wolf came to the country. It wasn't long before he found out where the little pigs lived, and he decided to pay them a visit.

At the first pig's house Henry, the pig was making some tea when he heard the boom of a loud-speaker saying, "Come out, little pig; or I'll aim,



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS (cont'd)

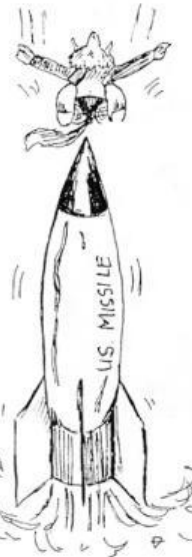
and fire, and blast your house down!"

Unfortunately the pig died of shock when he saw his three cars being squashed by a Sherman tank, so it was an easy matter for the wolf to use his flame-thrower to burn down the house.



At the second pig's house Fred, the pig heard the click of a tape recorder, and then heard the wolf's message. When he saw the tank, Fred (who had just seen 'Rambo'), leaped out the window and

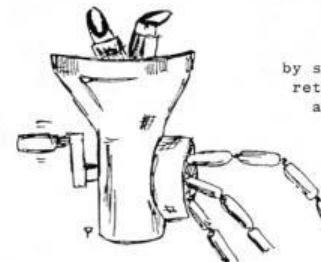
brutally attacked the tank. The wolf, however, had not seen 'Rambo', so didn't know a man could triumph over a tank, so he squashed the pig.



At the last house, Tom also heard the wolf's message, and went to battle stations. Before the wolf could fire a shot, Tom had let loose his defences. He activated his mine field, aimed his missiles and locked his laser on to target.



The wolf was taken



by surprise, and was forced to retreat. He then made a charge and as he neared the house he activated an ejector seat, which he guided to the chimney. Unluckily it was actually a missile silo, so that was the end of the wolf (and about two thirds of Earth).

Of course, Tom, like any other well prepared pig, had an underground nuclear shelter. It was a pity he was made into sausages when he came out - but that's life!

TELEVISION DEBUT

Earlier this year I was privileged to appear on the BBC TV programme "Blue Peter" in connection with the sponsorship I had won to compete in the Prix de Lausanne International Ballet Competition.

The day began very early as I had to catch the seven fifty-four train in order to go to my teacher's studio to do a warm up class first. Then we were taken by taxi to the television studios in Shepherd's Bush, arriving at half past ten. I entered the reception hall, carefully carrying my tutu in its dustbin bag, with mixed feelings of great excitement and slight apprehension. However, there was not really any time to get nervous as everything happened very quickly. The lady at reception told us to sit down and wait for a few minutes and so we sat watching the row of soundless televisions which showed the programmes which were on each of the BBC channels and CeeFax, at that time. I thought to myself, as I watched, at five past five tonight I will be on that screen. It hardly seemed possible.

By this time the three other British Prix de Lausanne candidates, all from the Royal Ballet School had arrived. We were given dressing-room keys and told the direction in which to go to find the dressing-rooms. Dana and I had great fun looking for the one which had 'Miss Fiona Cater, Miss Dana Fouras' written on it. We had to put our costumes on straight away and my teacher did my hair. Then we had to go to studio eight for the rehearsal. Getting there, however, involved us all walking through the canteen in full costume. You can imagine the strange looks we got!

Suddenly we were ushered into a haze of very bright lights and onto the "Blue Peter" set. We were introduced to the editor. She was the typical "Blue Peter" type who said that all the viewers could make a costume just like Dana's because she thought it was just a catsuit with a design drawn on it with felt tip pen! Dana had to explain that in fact it had been very carefully dyed. I'm sure the Royal Opera House, who had lent the costume, would not have been very pleased if they had known.

Then we got down to the nitty gritty of rehearsal. Dana and I had to do our solos. Then we did a complete run through of our bit of the programme, interviews and everything.

'O.K. everyone, are you ready? Just a rehearsal' said the floor manager.

Three large cameras were fixed on us and there were several monitors spread around the studio.

Then we all went to the make up room to have our weird and wonderful television make ups done, ivory foundation and very bright lipstick seemed to be the thing.

Back in the studio, another of the presenters, Mark Curry, had arrived and was talking with the boys cracking, what he thought was a hilarious ballet joke. The boys laughed politely, but exchanged bemused glances afterwards.

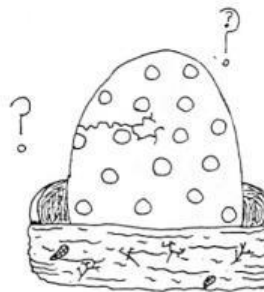
Then before we knew where we were it was the real thing.

'O.K. this is it, good luck everyone!' said the floor manager.

TELEVISION DEBUT (cont'd)

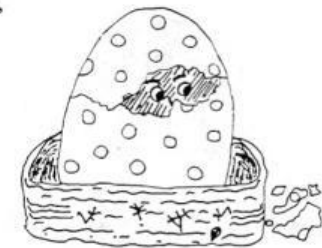
Dana did her solo first, then we did the interviews and then there was a recording while I got into my starting position to do my solo from "Swan Lake". The floor manager counted away the seconds. I could not believe it was really happening and I was making my television debut.

FIONA CATER SHA.

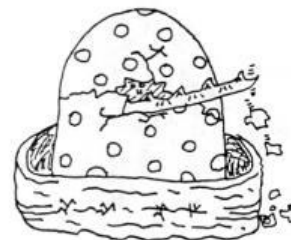


THE EGG - WHAT'S INSIDE?

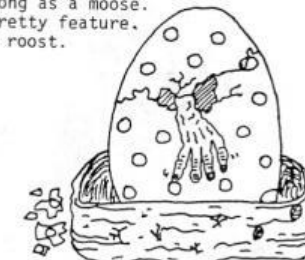
The little blue egg
With little white spots,
Lying on its nest,
To rot,
Or even crack.



A fair kind of blue,
What's inside?
I wonder don't you?
It must be a bird, or a dinosaur.
A creepy crawly.
It may be more.



But, it may be poorly
This little creature,
It may be as strong as a moose.
It may have a pretty feature.
It may have to roost.



Hey! It's begun to crack.
Look! What's come out?
You'll have to wait and find out.

RUPPEL JOSHI 4G.



THERE'S A POT OF GOLD AT RAINBOW'S END

'Mummy, Mummy, read me a story' asked Samantha enthusiastically, as her mother gently tucked her into bed. Susan paused a moment, smiled and picked up the large, well-worn crimson red book that lay by her little girl's bedside. The book fell open at page twenty, at a story entitled 'There's a Pot of Gold at Rainbow's End'. Memories flooded back to Susan, memories bearing mixed feelings of this charming little story about an Irish boy and his search for a leprechaun. As a little girl she had absolutely adored the tale. She remembered vividly how the story had always filled her with a warm glow of satisfaction, satisfaction that the boy had achieved his dream. She remembered how she had truly believed that one day she would find her pot of gold. She remembered how slowly, but surely, her dreams had been shattered, as slowly, but surely, she became educated to the real world; a world she had never imagined possible, a world full of pain and grief. She remembered how her mother used to beat her.

Quickly she flicked back a few pages to a different story, trying to banish these memories that had crept into her head. She began to read. 'No, no, Mummy!' interrupted Samantha firmly, 'read the one about the leprechaun; I like that one.' Susan froze. Why had Samantha picked upon that story, out of all those in the book? Susan couldn't possibly read that story, it would bring back too many painful memories. Yet her daughter looked so full of anticipation, so full of eagerness that she couldn't possibly deny her either. She was torn between which route to take.

'Mummy, please read the leprechaun story, please. I'll love you for ever and ever if you do,' implored Samantha. How could she refuse such a plea? She would try to remain unaffected by the words, try to cast the memories aside. It was only a story, it shouldn't grieve her at all. She would think about how nice a story it was, and how happy it would make Samantha. All this she reasoned to herself. Then she took a deep breath and began.

As she read, Susan attempted to create a barrier against those painful reminders of her youth, a barrier that stood up well for the first few minutes of the story, a barrier that was destroyed by one line, that being: 'there's a pot of gold at Rainbow's End'. Her emotions stirred; she could no longer keep the past at bay. How she hated that line. How she hated that story. It brought back such painful memories of her childhood, of the way her mother used to hit her, and hit her and keep on hitting her. This one story more than anything reminded her of this past. This one line more than anything triggered off such a temper as was never seen before in her life. There's a pot of gold at Rainbow's End; the words raced through her mind again and again.

'Mummy, Mummy, why have you stopped? I want to hear the rest.' shouted Samantha.

Susan's attention switched to her daughter for a split second only. She could not bear the thought of that story existing in her house any longer. She was sure her mother had only given it to Samantha to spite her anyway. She had to destroy it. She fumbled for the matches she carried in her pockets. She found them, took a match out and struck it. Now the evil thing would burn once and for all. 'No,' screamed Samantha, 'what are you doing? You mustn't, it's mine. Gran left it for me.' She battled fiercely to stop her mother from destroying the book. Susan threw her off,

THERE'S A POT OF GOLD AT RAINBOW'S END (cont'd)

but still Samantha would not give up; until her tenacity went too far. As quick as a cobra, Susan unleashed a slap across her daughter's face. Again she hit her, and again. Now oblivious to the book, all of Susan's anger was being dealt out to Samantha.

Suddenly she stopped. She was horrified and ashamed. How could she have done such a terrible thing over a stupid little story? She had never hit her daughter before in her life, and now this? Her mind went immediately back to her own battered childhood. How could she commit such deeds, when she knew better than most the physical and mental pain suffered? She took her obnoxious daughter in her arms, and tried to comfort her. She repeatedly whispered that she was sorry: but she received no reply; Samantha was too afraid to reply. Susan repeatedly said that she loved her baby: but she received no reply; Samantha was too embittered. Out of all the confusion and pain she was feeling, Samantha knew this much. At that moment, a new education to the real world began.

.....

'Mummy, Mummy, read me a story,' asked Elizabeth, as she was being put to bed. Samantha paused, smiled and picked up the large, well-worn crimson red book that lay by her daughter's bedside. The book fell open at page twenty. 'There's a pot of gold at Rainbow's End' read the title. The words seized her throat, as old memories returned, memories she had hoped were forgotten.

ANDREW COLLEY 61M

PARIS IN JUNE

Annette sat in the cafe, where she and her husband had lunched for the past two years. While she waited for him she sipped a glass of white wine and flicked through "Elle". Annette knew she was being watched, but she didn't feel uneasy, she loved it, she swam in attention. She picked up her bag and glanced at herself in the mirror. She was still looking good, her face was perfect with only simple black kohl around her eyes and deep red lips. Her waist was tiny, probably the smallest it had been since she was twenty. No she thought, for thirty-three she didn't look too bad at all. Annette glanced around her. She loved Paris, especially in June, too early for the tourists but still full of life. As she sat there Parisian gossip and the clinking of glasses filled the surrounding air. Annette sighed and closed her eyes. The sun was warming through her flimsy silk blouse and a light breeze brushed her cheeks. She couldn't remember having ever felt so contented. Laughing to herself she kissed the small brown bottle which the doctor had prescribed for her, her Santenul, her saviour. She read the label to herself, 'only to be taken under strict supervision - dangerous'.

Annette glanced at her watch. It was three-thirty, her husband was supposed to meet her at three. Impatiently she signalled for the waiter and scrawled a note to her husband, telling him that she'd see him later that evening. Annette gave the note and fifty francs to the waiter and asked him to give it to her husband, when he arrived. Annette left the cafe and walked leisurely along the

PARIS IN JUNE (cont'd)

Rue St. Jacques. She stopped outside "Chic" and slowly moved across to the Cartier display and spotted a gold and diamond tiepin. "Perfect," Annette said aloud, "would you have this wrapped and charged to my account, the name's Lefebure."

"Certainly, madame," the assistant replied, and hurriedly set to work. As Annette slipped the box into her oversized Gucci bag she thought to herself how she loved money. Surely it is the most important thing in the world.

She left the coolness of the air-conditioned store and re-entered the sun drenched street. Annette turned the corner into the Avenue Liberte and was met by a huge crowd of people who surrounded the apartment building. She ran up to a policeman and telling him who she was, Annette asked what the trouble was. "Ah, Madame Lefebure, please, follow me," the man replied and he led her through the clamouring crowd and into her apartment.

"I'm afraid I have some terrible news for you," the policeman said, giving Annette a large brandy. "A few hours ago your maid discovered the body of your husband. I'm afraid he's taken an overdose and died." Annette swallowed the brandy without tasting it. She could feel the tears rolling down her cheeks, her head was spinning and the noise of the crowd outside made it worse. She didn't think she'd make it through the long hours that the police spent at her apartment, but she did - somehow.



PARIS IN JUNE (cont'd)

The funeral was worse; as if in sympathy with her the heavens cried all day. After the service Annette retreated to the solitude the apartment now provided. She sat and drank brandies, one after the other until the silence was broken by a knocking at the door. Annette opened it, only to find a page asking if he could get her anything. She thanked him but said no and then suddenly she asked if she could borrow his newspaper. Silently the page obliged and then disappeared back into the lift.

Annette moved to the window and opened the paper. The picture hit her at once 'Annette Lefebure, grieving at the loss of her husband'. She laughed. It wasn't a bad photograph - all things considered. Annette went over to her bag and pulled out a large brown envelope and her 'Santenul'. Once again she kissed the brown bottle and took a piece of blue paper from the envelope. Her eyes scanned it and fell upon the phrase
"the sum of five million French francs on the death
of Monsieur Gaston Lefebure."

Annette tossed her head back and laughed. "It was so simple," she said "so simple!"

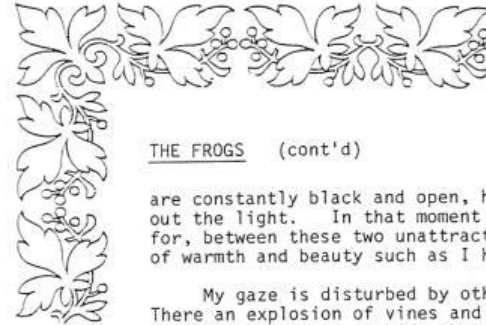
GRAHAM LAMKIN 61HA.



THE FROGS

Dawn. A sudden rain drums on my head. As the shower subsides, a dim light gradually filters through the forest. Then it begins: 'zeet, zeet, zeet', an insistent monotonous buzzing, like the sound of tiny saws rasping wood. I look up into the branches of a magnificent tree. How beautiful are those waterdrops at the end of pointed leaves! The emerging sun makes them glow like pearls. Splash, a pearl just hit my eyelashes. The morning chorus of screaming Piha birds starts, their 'wolf whistles' filling the still air like a reveille. Then a burst of brilliant emerald green flashes as a tiny hummingbird appears and vanishes.

The earlier droning signals courtship among poison-arrow frogs. I see them now still as a portrait, the pair posing on a mushroom, their backs as red as the hottest hells and their stomachs as soft green as the heavenliest heavens. Their eyes



THE FROGS (cont'd)

are constantly black and open, having no lids for them to shut out the light. In that moment a strange joy envelopes me, for, between these two unattractive creatures there is a kind of warmth and beauty such as I have never witnessed before.

My gaze is disturbed by other inhabitants of the forest. There an explosion of vines and epiphytes-plants such as ferns, mosses, and orchids that grow piggyback on other plants, chokes every available tree limb and trunk. Terrible curved fangs of a tarantula doom a smaller arachnid. The spider lunges forward and down impaling its victim. It ejects first venom, then an enzyme to soften the meal. An insidious fungus kills a stinging ant, which in death is still clutching a leaf. A few inches away other ants attack encroaching plants, these being vines.

Like neon signals that flash from the dark floor of Monteverde the frog pair move quickly away. I think they sensed my approach. However, they don't move far, the male rests on a twig on a tiny pond. He drones in the similar manner as when I first came across them to the female. The female moves away from her male counterpart. The male calls again to her, but to no avail. She is gone. The frog in sorrowful rejection, jumps from his perch and hops away to the hidden depths of the forest.

In times gone by, I remember that picture, first one of happiness and love and then painful deceit. I think of the frogs and then I think of people forever making each other happy and forever making each other sad. I think of the closeless eyes of the frogs and I think of the harsh nature of people not realising sorrow. I think of the outside red of the frogs and I think of the arrogant and selfish nature of people on their surface. I think of the soft green underneath the frog and I think of the inward kindness of people.

AYESHA SHAIKH 4HE.



THE DARE

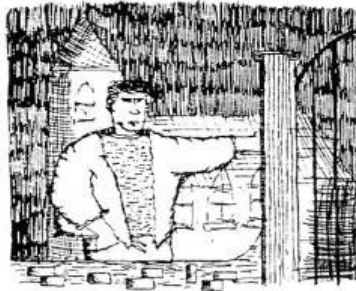
The St. Peter's churchyard was the most forbidding place to go through at night. Many tales were told of how the dead rose from their graves to stalk the grounds, looking for folks who were foolhardy enough to enter their sacred home and they would feast on the flesh of the unhappy souls who were caught. It was stories like that which kept me and my friends away from the churchyard as soon as the last rays of sunlight disappeared under the horizon. It was also stories like that which made walking through the graveyard the best dare in the whole of our village.

Only the bravest of schoolboys were allowed in Roland Peters's gang. I, being a newcomer to the school, wanted to be in the gang, but I had to prove myself worthy of the honour. The dare which I had to perform was, of course, to walk on the path, on my own, through St. Peter's graveyard. Feeling brave at the moment of being asked, I agreed to do so.

It was to be on Saturday night. I stood at the iron gate which led to the path. With me was a gang member called William to see that I entered properly. I drew a deep breath and entered the gloomy yard.

The path was about a quarter of a mile long, and dark all the way. All I could see was the gas light up by the opposite entrance which was what I was heading for. I started to jog. The gravel path scrunched to a dismal beat. My breathing was loud and seemed very audible. My eyes felt the cold wind which I was making. I heard a rustle at the side of the path, my pace quickened. A flapping of wings and screeching also increased my speed. "Keep calm, don't worry, nothing to fear" went whizzing through my head, but the thought of the bodies of the dead following me up the path, gaining by the minute over-powered my comforting thoughts and I broke into a sprint. My legs ached with the speed, my ears throbbed with my heart beat, and my lungs were gasping for more air. Everything I saw seemed to be a figure, ready to pounce on me, and I carried on my flight for the entrance.

As I went through the gate and ground to a halt a feeling of mighty relief came over me. All the time as I regained my breath I saw Roland conferring with his gang members. He turned to me and said "You're in."



MATTHEW BAIN 4G



THIS WAS HOW IT ALL BEGAN
SHORT STORY INTRODUCTION BY THE LOWER SIXTH

The boat grounded on the sandy beach and we leapt ashore

The mountains silhouetted the sky, and the sea gulls flew past, as a small yacht sailed in the distance. We walked a while, and suddenly Fred stepped on what seemed to be a piece of sea weed. This so called 'sea weed' wrapped itself around Fred's leg and began dragging him into the sand. We all battled frantically to save him. He went in deeper and deeper until nothing but a tuft of hair was left. We knew then that he had had it, so we left him and carried on on our journey. After having walked one hundred and fifty metres, Carol found a large rock. She was tired and climbed up onto it. All of a sudden she was thrown off, the 'rock' rose, and we all gazed in astonishment as an enormous crab crawled towards us.

Rajen.

Eventually she woke to find herself in a strange bed with a nurse bending over her

The nurse smiled nastily and slowly directed the needle of an injection into her arm. The girl screamed, and the nurse shouted angrily at her in a language she could not understand. The nurse pulled out the needle with a quick jerk and walked out of the room, leaving the girl calling after her.

Cold and tired the girl got up and looked out of the window. She nearly fainted with horror. Outside, the road was full of armoured vehicles, and soldiers, shouting instructions in a language she had never heard. She looked over at the town hall and to her dismay she saw a red flag flying.

Shahzad.

Yes, there it was again, a faint tapping on the window

Of course, there was nothing strange about a faint tapping on the window, except that the plane was at one thousand feet and climbing. He gazed out into the blue expanse above, below and beyond. The sun was just climbing up into the heavens, woken from its night's sleep by the sound of half a world beginning its life once again. He could see nothing except sky, sun and lush green land below. He thought perhaps it was a bird, but this high? No, that was impossible. Suddenly, he noticed what looked like orange silk dulling the light through the glass, and then he saw a finger beckoning him closer. As he moved towards it, a face appeared saying something quite inaudible. Then he suddenly understood. Bond was back.

Chandrika.

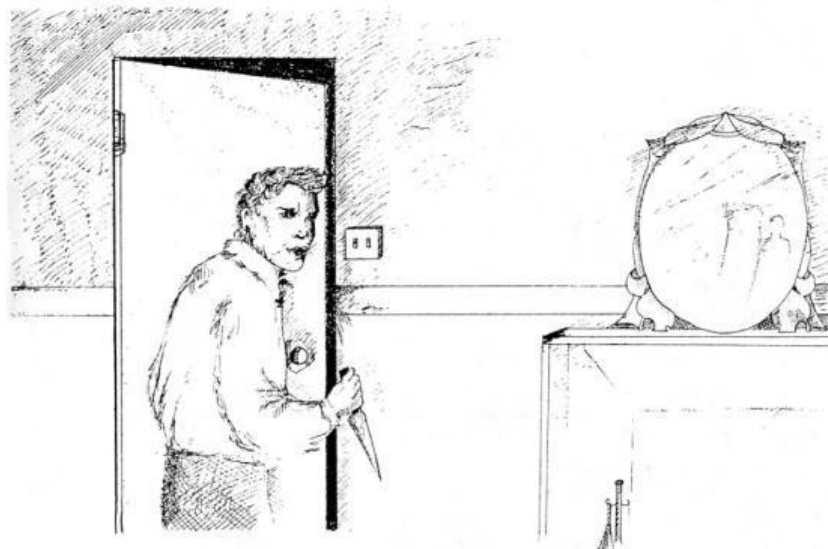
A thin tongue of flame suddenly shot through the thatched roof

Smoke billowed into the night sky turning the faintly blue to a thick, charcoal mist. From where I was standing I could see the flames quickly swallowing the roof. Fire began to spread out from the windows, its orange

SHORT STORY INTRODUCTIONS (cont'd)

and red fingers drawing at the side of the house. I could only stand and watch. I knew I had to get away as far away from this place as I could possibly get. I started to run I didn't dare to look back. The pounding of my feet on the stony road echoed around my ears. I could hear my heart pounding faster, faster.

Kirsty.



I gazed in terror as the door slowly opened

However my heartache was short lived, because as the door widened I saw that the room was empty. Feeling reassured I entered clutching the meat cleaver tight in my left hand. Moving over to the sofa I carelessly toppled an antique vase, which broke into tiny pieces. Then I heard it again - a deep groaning sound that seemed to echo around the room. I stood shivering with fright, when a motion behind the curtain caught my eye. Slowly and as quietly as I could manage I moved over to the curtain, raised the shiny blade of the knife and was just about to hack away at the curtain when my father's head came from behind it - "hello Son" he said in his cheerful voice - "For God's sake," I replied, "Why can't you use the front door like everybody else?"

Mark.

THE DAY OF NO-TOMORROW

It was an average kind of summer's day, with a clear, blue sky, holding up a glaring sun, that had passed its apex and was now half way through its descent.

The sky met the horizon with the jagged lip of a group of mountains just visible over the tree-tops of a dense forest that allowed a small, babbling brook to meander its way, gently flowing down the side of a green hill, with daisies abundantly scattered over it, as if the seeds had been randomly planted.

On the top of the hill lay Shaun and Tricia, the remains of a heavy picnic sprawled across a large checked ground-sheet.

Shaun lay in the grass, a grass blade in his mouth, reminiscent of a hill-billy of days gone by, chewing straw, looking the part too, with his checked shirt and tight jeans.

Beside him sat Tricia, on whose form the term "Blonde Bombshell" could well have been based.

Together they lay, hand-in-hand, soaking up the sun. "What time is it?" yawned Tricia.

"Just gone half two," replied Shaun in a lazy drawl.

The only sounds that could be heard were the happy chirpings of the birds in the forest, and from all around the steady, mechanical sounds of the insects with the sound of the brook in the background.

Tricia spontaneously gave Shaun a massive push that sent him rolling down the hill, his flailing arms managing to grab onto some clumps of grass, stopping him from falling into the brook by just a few feet.

By the time he climbed back up the hill he saw Tricia in fits of laughter, tears rolling down her face.

With a swift movement, he swept her up in his arms, carried her down to the brook, and steadily lowered her into the water.

Her laughter turned into long lines of pleas not to throw her in, telling him it was only a joke. At the last minute he swung her round and laid her gently onto the grass. She looked up at him, and now it was his turn to laugh. As she joined in, he leaned down over her and kissed her full red lips.

As they were walking back up the hill, he suddenly cocked his head, turning to hear the sound that had imperceptibly attracted the attention of his ears.

"What is it?" asked Tricia.

"I don't know, I thought I heard something ... "

"It must have been the wind, or you imagined it!"

THE DAY OF NO-TOMORROW (cont'd)

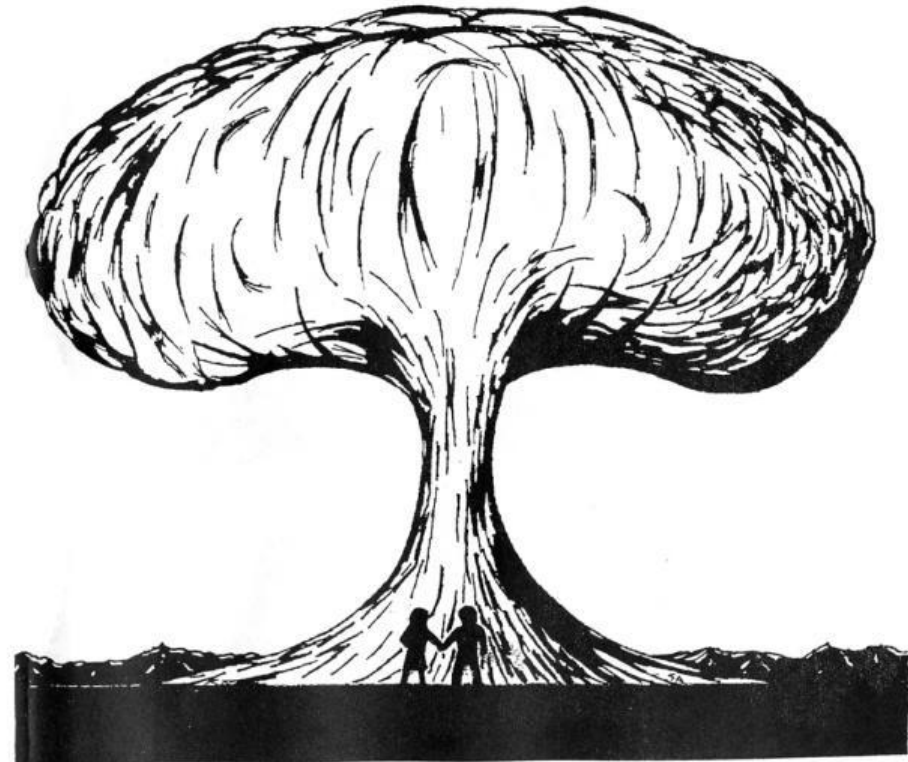
Shaun knew that there was no wind blowing, and in his heart knew it was not his imagination.

He heard the sound again, only it was louder this time. He turned towards Tricia, and she confirmed she heard it too.

It was a whistling sort of sound, combined with a dull roar like that of distant thunder.

Shaun, and then Tricia strained their eyes towards the heavens, unknowingly holding hands.

At first, all they saw were a few buzzards milling around, just visible as distant specks. Then suddenly, they saw the sun being reflected off something silvery metallic, falling rapidly towards the earth.



THE DAY OF NO-TOMORROW (cont'd)

Tricia looked inquisitively at Shaun, but he remained gazing skyward. They followed the object's path until it crashed with an almighty 'crunch!' into the space between the mountains, and where the trees began. As soon as it hit, there was a massive, rocking explosion, sounding like a thousand drums, all being struck at once, but the sound did not stop, continuing to rumble for what seemed eternity.

Tricia asked, "What was it? Some sort of light aircraft or something?"

Shaun slowly shook his head, for deep inside he knew what it really was. His heart continued to beat faster as he pointed to the shape of their 'something' slowly rising from beyond the trees. When Tricia saw this she then understood what Shaun was so scared of.

The mushroom cloud rose slowly over the trees, like Aladdin's genie. The cap erupted like the growth of a flower, seen in fast motion. As it slowly grew, more of the 'platforms' of the mushroom cloud appeared, until it resembled a vast giant looking down to his kingdom in satisfaction.

Tricia turned towards Shaun, her hazel-green eyes expressing all that she felt; fear, hate, sadness, remorse and, above all, a love for him.

He returned her gaze, and together they turned towards the sunset, probably the last sunset that man would ever see

RAJIV AWASTI 61M.

RADIO MEAN MACHINE

The Optima

The Optima by Kyosho is a car that is built to do only one thing - win! It has a two piece aluminium chassis. Double wishbone suspension is present at both the front and the back of the buggy. The adjustable oil-filled shock absorbers are not the ordinary plastic mouldings; these are strong metal shocks. The chain driven four-wheel drive ensures maximum grip around corners and top traction. The chain is protected all round by a shield tube and the glass-filled nylon bumper takes care of the mechanics. To drive - it is very fast, extremely quick pick-up and a high top speed make it almost impossible to handle at first, especially with a tuned up racing motor!

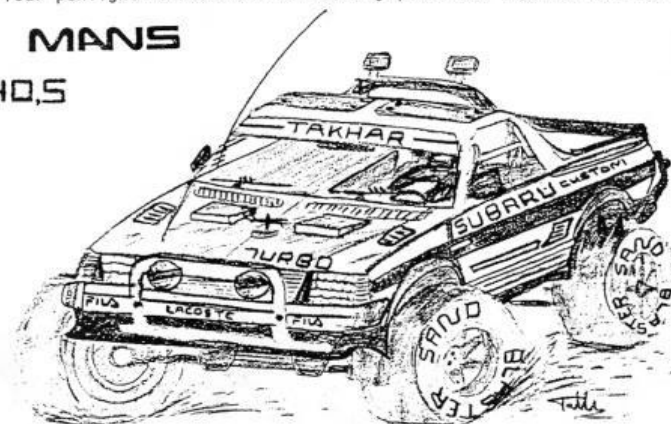
/cont'd

RADIO MEAN MACHINE (cont'd)

The Subaru Brat

The Subaru Brat is one of the meanest looking off-road buggys on the market. With rear-wheel drive it has a slower pick-up than the Optima but has a higher over-all top speed on concrete. On gravel or sand of course the Optima would leave it standing or wheel-spinning I should say! It is manufactured by Tamiya and as standard you are supplied with every ordinary part in the kit, which therefore makes it a very ordinary buggy on the inside, but with a few tune up parts and quite a bit of pocket money one can change the shocks to the oil filled adjustable type. One can buy a powerful motor, fit bearings where they are needed, buy a 7.2 volt racing pack battery (Sanyo SCR selected red sticks preferably). Quite a lot you think, well there's more. One could also replace the ordinary servos with mini servos and a six volt mini-pack battery could be used to replace the heavier four penlight batteries which usually power the receiver and servos.

LE MANS 240,5



At the Multi-Cultural Show

Unfortunately the Subaru was unable to take part in the Radio controlled car display at this multi-cultural show because of a fault in the front shocks and because the Hall's floor surface was too slippery.

Three Optimas took part. These belonged to Hardeep Sunder, Tim Youngs and myself (Mandeep Takhar). These cars were fairly new and we hadn't had much time to paint them. Two of the cars were not painted exactly brilliantly and the third one raced around without any paint on at all!

The mechanics, however, were a different matter all together. All the moving parts were fully oiled and greased. The motors were tuned to perfection.

The show went very well except for a few hitches, after all nobody's perfect. Tim's car skidded out of control while on a ramp and hit the volunteer under the ramp, on the head. This however produced a few laughs!

MANDEEP TAKHAR 3M

DREAM WOLF

At night, outside my window,
Through the sound of the tin-tapping rain,
and the wind, that whispers through the leaves, on the trees,
the nightmare creature stalks.

Wolf! Cry wolf!
But my voice has gone, replaced only by rasps,
as I struggle with my imagination,
Trying to cut off these pictures of a fire eyed beast,
Each paw padding only on clouds of air,
Yet I can hear its baying, howling,
Swaying, of the trees in the wind.
Now, I can bear it no longer,
Wide-eyed, I perch by the window,
fearfully peering out into the darkness,
There it was,
The white moon dappled silhouettes of trees,
and windows and leaves, half silver, half gold.

But there, there in the pitch,
no, not pitch, for the sky had changed,
not black, but pink, blue and gold,
and against it, clear cut, was the wolf,
my dream wolf, not a nightmare now, but a dream.

Proud, its neck arched
it was blue. Electric blue, bluer than eyes can imagine.
A blue wolf, with pale pink eyes, changing colour as it blinked,
but what was different, even from the colours was ...
The horn.
There in the centre of its domed head, between those beautiful
cerise pools was a golden horn,
coiled round to a taper,
For a second it looked at me, and then looked away.
I plunged through the window,
Shattering the glass,
And even though there is blood behind my eyes,
I struggled to touch the dream,
I cried out and screamed,
And grasped its electric mane,
But it slipped through my fingers,
as the creature bounded up into the night.
'No,' I screamed and tugged hopelessly at the grass beneath me,
But it's no use. My dream has gone, escaped my mind,
The memory still remains, locked in my brain.
I throw away the key
And wake up, and notice the blue grass embedded in my finger nails.

SUSIE AGGARWAL 3G

THE KOALA

*Soft, furry and cute
Clinging tight to its mother
Never letting go.*

LORRAINE BOLAND 2M

WAR

*The people of war,
are mad and very crazy.
Why do we have war?*

TREVOR THOMAS 2M

APPLES

*Baskets of apples
red and ripe just right to eat.
All packed nice and neat*

SUKHJIT LAKHAN 2M

I'M THE STRONGEST

*Here comes the monster
With his feet stamping like drums.
I hit him, he dies.*

NAVDIP SANDHU 2M

THE SALMON

*Over rocks down rapids
Jumps and dives the salmon freely
Then it meets the sea.*

STUART CLARKE 2M

LASSIE

It was a warm day and there was a cool refreshing breeze. As I sat in my garden watching the birds in the trees I thought about going for a walk down to the river. I often went for walks on my own down to the river, it was a place to think. I went into the house. I saw Lassie lying down by the front door.

As soon as she saw me she stood up and began to wag her tail. I looked at her and picked up her lead, put on a jacket and followed her out the front door. I watched her as she walked out of the front garden. As she walked, her bottom wiggled. She looked like a duck waddling from side to side.



As I walked behind her through the fields towards the river I remembered how it had taken her so much time and effort to stand up and wag her tail when she saw me. She was old now, and everything she did she did slowly. She had arthritis and it was painful for her sometimes. It seemed cruel to encourage her to move. We gave her special tablets to help it, but we couldn't tell whether they worked or not. As I looked at her now I imagined her as an old woman complaining about her aches and pains. She reminded me of a television character, Dot Cotton from the soap opera 'Eastenders'.



When we got to the river we walked along the tow path towards the lock. There are lots of trees on either side of the path; there are gaps every now and then where you can see the river rippling past. It was peaceful, there was no-one around. As Lassie walked through the long grass I smiled as I imagined her with a handbag and a cigarette as Dot Cotton.

As soon as we reached the lock Lassie lay down. I looked at her. She was tired. I smiled and sat on the bench watching the lock-keeper opening the gates for a boat to enter.

I watched Lassie and remembered her about four years ago. I remembered how she would jump up on us as soon as we walked in the door. Now sometimes she couldn't even stand up. I remembered how in the summer we used to run through the fields with her behind us chasing us, or how we would throw a ball for her to fetch endless times, but now she wasn't interested. It's sad how she's changed over the past few years. She used to be so active, but now she sleeps most of the time. No matter how much she's changed she's still our pet and we'll always love her.



MANDY UNDERWOOD 4G

TOMORROW

*Tomorrow is today, but where has it gone?
Tomorrow is the next day, but where has it run?
Tuesday after Monday, Saturday before Sun,
Oh will someone please tell me when Tomorrow will come?*

*I've looked for it at midnight,
I've searched through sun and snow,
Where is that elusive thing,
That some call Tomorrow?*

*But in my heart of hearts
I don't need any sums,
To figure out the obvious
- Tomorrow never comes!*

RAJIV AWASTI 61M.

FROM THE COPY DESK

If I say that this is the fifth edition of the magazine for which I've been responsible - it does not sound very many, in comparison to the seventy five years since the founding of Slough Secondary School - but it has sometimes seemed as many!

We again offered the chance to design a cover, to the whole School and the response has been splendid, as you will see. The quality of art work in this year's magazine is very high and varied - many thanks to those responsible. May I also suggest that if you wish to offer some contributions to the magazine, you do it sooner, starting from next September, so that I have plenty to choose from.

Many staff and pupils have given time and energy to the magazine and I would like to thank them all - with a special thank you to our artistic consultant Mr. Bryan - to Mrs. Mercy for assisting me with the pasting-up, an evil-smelling job - and above all, to Mrs. Whatling - without whom, I am quite sure, the magazine would never be printed at all.

M.A.D.

